



S O N G S, &c.

Music Publishers and composers are informed, the right of publishing any part of these Poems to music is vested in Mr. J. Dean, 148, New Bond Street, London, by Miss Smith and Messrs. Saunders and Otley.

SONGS OF GRANADA

AND

THE ALHAMBRA.

With other Poems.

✓
BY LYDIA B. SMITH,

OF THE "DOWN HOUSE," DORSET,

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH MELODIES," AND OTHER
MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS.

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1836.

4

TR 5453
583

LONDON:

IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. LORD ASHTOWN,

HER FRIEND,

AND THE FRIEND OF POETRY AND MUSIC,

This Little Volume

IS,

WITH HIS KIND PERMISSION, GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHORESS.

P R E F A C E.

I do not launch my tiny shallop on the wide ocean of public favour, without a full consciousness of the perils which must attend its voyage, and its own utter inability to resist the rough blasts of criticism which may assail its course ;—yet, as many a frail bark has, ere now, lived through the heaviest seas, while the gallant vessel, whose tall masts and spreading sails have appeared to defy the fury of the tempest, has been cast a shapeless wreck into the bosom of the deep, so am I not without a hope that my “small craft” may ride securely over the billows, and be wafted safe to shore.

Farewell! then, my little bark! though but a speck on yon boundless main, may gentle and favouring gales speed thee to thy goal! Farewell!

The Down House,
Jan. 1836.

CONTENTS.

Golden River	Page 1
The Fallen Zegri	3
Muley Hassan's Reply to the Christian Envoy	5
Come to our Fountain's Side	7
Escape of Abdallah from the Tower of Comares	9
The Christian Knight and his Moorish Love	13
Abdallah's Battle Call	14
Leila	16
Xarifa at her Loom	18
The Warrior's Return	21
Zelica's Reproach	23
The sleeping Arab Maid	25
Zarah's Flight	28
The Sister's Wail for the Captive Moor	30

The Bridge of Pinos	Page 32
The Departure of Muza	34
The Exile's Lament for Granada	38
The Lonely Lyre	43
Spring Time	45
Spirit of Music	50
The Fisher's Wife	52
Memory's Tears	54
I know thou'lt remember me !	55
It is a bitter thing to feel	57
The Infant Lyra	58
The Bandit's Bride	61
The Italian Girl dying in the North	64
Memories	67
Look on your Roses	70
Childhood	73
Zelia	77

POETICAL PICTURES.

Il Biglietto d'Amore	85
Silence	87
On young Lambton's Picture	90

CONTENTS.

ix

The Broken Heart	Page 92
A Group of Flowers	99
A Lady's Portrait	101
A Miniature	102
Venice	105
The Cottage Girl	107
The Gypsy	109
The Shrimp Boy	111
The Widow	113
Aline	115
The Damsel's Rock	118
O ! Heart of Mine	125
The Slumberer	128
The Mother and Child	132
Affliction	134
The Social Hour	136

SONGS AND BALLADS, &c.

The Joys of Home	141
Fairy Hopes	143
'Twas but a Dream	144
Songs of Past Days	146

I love to be alone	147
The Name	148
The Deserted Home	150
I know not why !	152
The light Farewell	153
A weariness is on me	156
The Rival Suitors	158
The Fairies' Home	160
Norman Battle Song	162
The Baron to his Steed	164
Song	166
What is that Sound ?	167
The youthful Page	169
The Coquette	171
The False One	173
The Nun	175
The Faded Flower	177
I'll never Braid my Hair Again	179
Where art thou now ?	180
A Summer Farewell	183
Leave me !	186
The Gypsy's Grave	188
Thy Name is a forgotten Sound	190
The Bridal Day	192
The Deserted Italian	195

The lonely Heart	199
The Perishing at Sea	203
The Widow'd Mother's Parting with her Son	204
The Change	206
The Mourner at a Festive Scene	209
Wither'd Flowers	214
Music and Pain	216
The Early Dead	218
There is no Loneliness	221

NOTES TO THE SONGS OF GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA 223

SONGS OF GRANADA

AND

THE ALHAMBRA.

SONGS OF GRANADA

AND

THE ALHAMBRA.

GOLDEN RIVER.

GOLDEN River ! gently flowing
Thro' our Vega's smiling plains ;
Wealth abundantly bestowing
On the land where beauty reigns !

On thy verdant banks reclining
Moorish maidens softly rest—
Roses in their dark hair twining,
Jewels glittering in their vest !

Cool refreshing breezes blowing,
Rush from yon Sierra's height,
O'er the purple vineyards glowing,
In the setting sun's rich light !

Many a youth and lovely maiden
Wanders thro' the citron grove,
Fann'd by winds with odour laden—
'Tis the hour for *those that love !*

THE FALLEN ZEGRI.

They tell me, sisters, he's at rest—the Zegri's noblest
chief!—

A Christian's lance has pierc'd his breast: O day of
bitter grief;

Bring me the blood-stain'd banner, by his valour
bravely won,

I'll cherish it for his dear sake—my slain affianced one!

His waving plumes are soil'd with gore—his jewell'd
corslet torn—

O shall I see him never more? is Zorayda forlorn?

I broider'd him a silken scarf—*my* name was woven
there!

He bore it foremost in the van!—*Who* could so nobly
dare?

Few could compare in rivalry with him in love or
war—

Quench'd is the light of chivalry, and set its brightest
star !

But *heroes* shall avenge thee, on the red ensanguin'd
plain—

Alas ! they cannot bring me, my Zegri prince again !

Beneath yon crescent moon, which is the emblem of
our faith,

Zorayda's vows were pledg'd to his : *now* they are
seal'd in death !

Thus mourn'd the lovely Moorish maid—but what
avails her weeping ?

For on his bloody pillow laid, her warrior love is
sleeping !

MULEY HASSAN'S REPLY TO THE SPANISH ENVOY.

KING Muley Hassan sate in state
 In the Alhambra's judgment-hall,
 The princes of his empire wait,
 Assembled at the royal call—
 Rob'd in a richly gemm'd kaftan,
 On his imperial divan.

A Christian knight has proudly strode
 On to the Paynim monarch's throne,
 To tell his embassy he stood,
 Unaw'd and firm, in lofty tone—
 "I come, at Ferdinand's command,
 His tribute-money to demand!"

"By Allah!" cried Granada's king,
 "Thou art an envoy bold!
 Since *one* brave message thou canst bring,
 Another shall be told!"

Methinks thy head were fitly sent
To hang upon the battlement !

“ Look ! where a thousand falchions gleam,
Ready to claim thy forfeit blood !
Beware ! for soon the crimson stream
Might stain yon crystal fountain's flood !
Thank thou our regal clemency
That thou art not condemn'd to die !

“ And tell proud Arragon, thy lord,
To be his vassals we disown !
Granada's mint coins now a hoard
Of swords and jav'lin blades alone !
I trow, that in a tented field
A goodly tribute they shall yield !

“ Vain knight ! to Ferdinand present
This sharp and glitt'ring scymitar—
This, the sole gift by Muley sent,
The vassal-pay of Granada !—
'Thy social badge has saved thee—fly !’
Such was the message and reply.

COME TO OUR FOUNTAIN'S SIDE!

COME to our fountain's side, sweet love!

The hours are gliding by ;

Bright stars are glittering above,

High in the sapphire sky !

Come !—from thy trellis'd chamber now

To him whose hopes are told ;

And watch the sparkling waters flow

Along their sands of Gold !

Come ! to the Linderaxa's shade,

Where myrtle bowers bloom

In silver blossoms fair array'd ;

Where ev'ning airs perfume

Those fairy haunts which charm'd by day—

But O ! they *now* might seem,

As through their fragrant paths I stray,

Like some enchanting dream !

Where art thou ling'ring, lovely one?

Maid of the dark-veil'd eyes !

Now leave thy costly ottoman,

To hear thy lover's sighs !

Art thou to another list'ning?

Is th' Abencerrage forgot?—

No ! I see her white robes glist'ning—

She is at th' appointed spot.

Look ! the crescent moon in splendour

Sheds her chastening beams around !

Music's echoes, soft and tender,

In the thrilling air resound.

Thro' marble courts and myrtle grove

Young graceful figures glide :

Come to our fountain's side, sweet love !

Come to our fountain's side !

THE ESCAPE OF ABDALLAH FROM THE TOWER OF COMARES.

'Tis the dead hour of night !

Near the Alhambra gate,
A single Moorish knight
And Arab courser wait.

In limpid Darro's flowing stream,
As in a crystal mirror set,
Lit by the pale moon's vestal beam
Are imaged dome and minaret !

In dark Comares' Tower
A royal captive lies—
Dangers around him lour—
O save him, or he dies !

But what can human aid avail ?
How may the guarded prisoner flee ?
No warrior's foot can dare to scale
Yon height ! to set Abdallah free.

None come to succour him—
Now well may he despair !
Well may his hopes grow dim !
But Aixa is there !
Sultana mother ! 'tis thy part
To rescue thy unhappy son ;*
By woman's hand, and woman's heart,
Shall his deliverance be won !

“ Come hither ! maidens all !
If ye would save your king.”
They hasten at her call—
She bids them quickly bring
Their broider'd scarfs and tunics fair,
Each silken veil and golden zone—
None may their fav'rite girdle spare—
She claims them all and every one.

And now together twin'd
In many a knotty fold,

* Aben Abdallah, better known by the name of “ Boabdil,” was surnamed “ El Zagoybi,” “ the Unhappy.”

She bids them firmly bind

 'Their turban's length unroll'd !

See how with trembling hands they lower

 Abdallah ! by those links made fast !

Allah be prais'd ! Granada's flower

 Has reach'd the river banks at last !

Nobly thy task was done,

 Aixa ! in his need ;

Joy ! thou hast freed thy son !

 He vaults upon his steed.

High he waves his hand in token,

 While yon dark fortress is in sight—

Joy ! his dungeon chains are broken !

 None shall o'ertake him in his flight.

Haste ! 'tis for life or death,

 His Arab barb speeds on !

They pause not to draw breath,

 Till Guadix gates are won.

City, mid lofty Alpuxarres,

 There knocks he with his scymitar—

Soon shall the snow-clad Sierras
Re-echo with the din of war !

Heroic mother ! Grief
Was thine in after years ;
Thy son ! the traitor chief ;
Woke thy reproach and tears.
But ne'er may *his* dishonour throw
Its shadow o'er thy virtue's fame ;
Thy dauntless soul all ages know,
For ever valued be thy name !

THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT AND HIS
MOORISH LOVE.

BESIDE the plashing fountain,
Shaded by orange flow'rs,
A Christian knight was ling'ring
In a Moorish lady's bow'rs !

Sweet Zuleika ! I must away
From this bright spot and thee !
Too well thou know'st thy fatal pow'r—
Love ! set thy captive free !

The bravest of thy Moslem chiefs
Have striv'n with me in vain ;
But thou ! in beauty's magic thrall,
Hast bound me with a chain !

Fare thee well!—and if no other
Hour like this be mine to know
Weep not for thy fallen lover !
For he is thy country's foe !

ABDALLAH'S BATTLE CALL.

BRING me my gleaming scymitar ;

My corslet of bright steel !

I hear the welcome shout of war—

“ Defiance to Castile ! ”

By Muza's conquering sword led on

Soon shall the glorious strife be won !

Through serried ranks of lances fierce,

Marshall'd in dread array,

Our Moorish falchions soon shall pierce,

And piles of victims slay !

Bring me my gleaming scymitar ;

My soul is panting for the war !

With arching neck and kindling eye,

My fiery Arab stands ;

What joy ! in fleet career to fly,

And strike th' invading bands !

Proud Ferdinand ! thy heart shall quail
Beneath our storm of arrowy hail !

Legions of Moslem chivalry
Line Darro's river side ;
Fleet barbs in battle panoply,
Are prancing in their pride !
The shrill tambour and clarion's sound
O'er the Sierra's heights resound !

The shock of steeds, the hard-won fight
Are dearer to my mind,
Than all the pleasures which delight,
In royal courts combin'd.
Move on ! ye mailed cavaliers ;
I'm eager for the rush of spears !

Now give our banners to the wind !
The crescent emblem waves :
And let the Spanish tyrants find
We'll yield them only—*graves* !
Bring me my gleaming scymitar !
Thus spoke the King of Granada !

“LEILA.”

THEY had met and parted,
In the cypress grove !
There, the mournful hearted,
Dwells on the words of love.
Hark ! 'twas a wild and horrid sound !
She clasps her hands in fear ;
But silence hovers deep around,
Nought more can Leila hear.

Yet, sure the rush of feet
And clash of arms was nigh ?
Only the breezes sweet
O'er the rose-gardens sigh !
Melancholy music breathing
O'er her soul with gentle sway
While the silver fountains wreathing,
In fantastic eddies play.

The gorgeous sun has set,
And in his ruddy blaze,
Spire, mosque, and minaret,
Glow in the parting rays!
Lovelier scene she knows can never
On her sight in beauty thrill!
She could linger there for ever,
Were her Hamet with her still.

They have *slain* thy lover,
By the headsman bow'd,
Murd'rous hands uncover
His princely neck and proud!
Dauntlessly his life departed;
They bear his cor'se to Leila's feet—
These are the two who lately parted!
Was it *thus* they hop'd to meet?

XARIFA.

THE orient pearls she's stringing,
 As she bends over her loom ;
 Rich Urns sweet odours flinging,
 Scent the air with faint perfume !
 From the gardens of the Generalife,
 Their peerless bloom was true ;
 But Xarifa bows her head in grief—
 O ! wherefore does she mourn ?

In that pillar'd hall of fretwork rare,
 Rich in each brilliant hue,
 With its alabaster fountains fair,
 And walls of gold and blue,
 The young Sultana weeps alone,
 With none to heed her sighs ;
 To the low plaint of sorrow's tone,
 No answ'ring voice replies !

And as the plashing murmur,
Of cool waters came and went,
Thus spoke the lovely mourner,
While deep sighs her bosom rent ;
“ How have I won this cold neglect ?
Why is my lord estrang'd ?
None dare Xarifa's truth suspect !
Then wherefore is he chang'd ?

O, bitter change ! since that bright day,
When, in my beauty's pride,
Granada's sons in glad array,
Welcom'd their monarch's bride !
Am I less fair than erst I shone ?
The worshipp'd love of him !
It is thy fault—thou cruel one !
If tears my sad eyes dim.

O ! might I win thee back again—
To prize me as of old !
Alas ! I fear me 'tis in vain—
His fickle heart is cold !”

Such was the low repining,
From Xarifa's bosom wrung,
In her lonely palace pining,
As the orient pearls she strung !

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

MY colours in the ring he wears
 At tournament or joust ;
 Mine the device his armour bears—
 Pride of the Moslem host !
 His turban is of gold and green ;
 Its spangled threads I wove !
 My image reigns his bosom's queen !
 Mine are his vows of love !

I watch'd him ride at break of dawn
 From the Elvira Gate,
 And *here* I've sat since early morn,
 His coming to await !
 The foremost when the strife is warm
 Bright honour's meed to win !
 May Allah keep his head from harm
 In yon fierce battle's din !

Hark! from the watch tower comes a cry!

I hear a rushing sound

Of steeds in war-clad panoply;—

They thunder o'er the ground!

Maidens! leave the lute's wild song,

The labours of the loom!

Join Granada's joyous throng—

Haste! greet the warrior home!

ZELICA'S REPROACH.

“ HAST thou been in the bow’rs of the Generalife ?

Amidst the summer-bloom ?

Bearing back treasures of flow’r and leaf

To scent thy perfum’d room ?

“ Hast thou been in the Alameda groves,

Seeking the pleasant shade ?

Shunning the paths which the sun-beam loves ?

Where hast thou been, sweet maid ?

“ My Zelica ! why is thy dew-bright eye

In sadness shrouded now ?

Thy face is averted ! Tell me why

This dark cloud on thy brow ?”

“ Ask me not, false one ! thou knowest too well

Thine *own* heart is estrang’d !

Take back thy forgotten pledge ! but tell

Me not that *I* am chang’d !

“ Go ! plight thy fond vows at Zorayda's shrine !
O though I may *regret* !
The scorn which is bursting this heart of mine
Shall teach me to *forget* !”

Her lover, in sorrow and sad surprise,
Is rooted to the spot !

“ By Allah ! the tale is false !” he cries,
'Tis false ! believe it not !

“ Since the hour when our lips first told we lov'd,
By the clear Darro's stream,
Never from thee has my fond heart rov'd !
Zelica ! 'tis a dream !

“ Now perish the slanderous tongues which threw
On constancy this stain !”

She listens !—does she believe him true ?
Yes ! for she smiles again !

THE SLEEPING ARAB MAID.

NAY ! do not wake her, sister ! for her haunted sleep
is blest !

And lightly sit the slumbers on that gently heaving
breast !

See ! Yemen's blooming roses, thro' her flow'r-wreath'd
lattice creep !

O'er the fair young Arab maiden, their perfum'd watch
they keep !

Poor desert child ! from Afric's coast they bore her
beauty here,

And long she mourn'd her youth's lov'd home, with
frequent sigh and tear !

But now, she is regaining her spirit's mirthful tone,
And the echo of her laughter has a music of its own !

She sings the songs of Araby, to her remembrance dear,
So witchingly ! the sweet notes dwell in rapture on
the ear !

Deep spells of might and passion lie within her dark
eye's glance !

Graceful as the gazelle ! how light her step springs in
the dance !

And Zuleima is happy ! she forgets her childhood's
grief !

She loves our fam'd Alhambra—and our peerless
Generalife !

Our crystal fount's glad waters, and fresh blooming
myrtle groves ;

Our marble courts and pillars !—*all* these Zuleima
loves !

When ev'ning closes round us, she repeats the tender
lays

Of Arabia's pilgrim poets, the inspir'd of former days !
Or genii tales relating—more intensely glowing yet ;
Unfolds the lore of Eastern lands—the land of Ma-
homet !

Hush! she is dreaming of her home!—again! that
long lov'd word

On her inmost soul engraven, from the falt'ring lip is
heard!

Her heart is wildly throbbing, 'neath her pearl em-
broider'd vest—

O wake her not, sweet sister! for her haunted sleep is
blest!

ZARAH'S FLIGHT.

WHAT are those sounds the stillness breaking ?

Mournful and low !

The murmur of faint echoes waking—

Accents of woe !

The night-gale thro' rose-bowers sighing,

Blows cold and keen ;

Whither are Zarah's footsteps flying ?

Sad is her mien !

They have met ! who were forbidden

To speak of love :

Darkness their secret flight has hidden ;—

No stars above !

In ev'ry leaf that trembles round them,

Pursuit she fears !

In vain thou striv'st to cheer her, Moslem !

Fast flow her tears !

She thinks with terror of the morrow !—

Harsh words will blight

Her name with bitter oaths ; and sorrow

Follow her flight !

Though fond affection has entwin'd her—

The lov'd of yore !

For she has left her home behind her !—

Her home no more !

THE SISTER'S WAIL FOR HER CAPTIVE
MOOR.

How mournfully !—how mournfully
 The tedious hours creep ;
 Alas ! my spirits, wearily
 Time's reckoning must keep !
 For deep within a dungeon tow'r
 My gallant brother lies ;
 There drooping, like a trampled flow'r
 Which in oblivion dies.

Young prince of the Alabez ! far
 And near thy fame was known—
 Oh ! evil fortune of the war !
 Now in a prison thrown,
 Thou wear'st thy very life away
 In frantic grief and rage ;
 Whilst in the fierce and desp'rate fray
 Thy countrymen engage !

Who could aim th' unerring jav'lin,
Or the fatal dart so well?
Hopeless Ronda! in thy ruin
Many as brave a hero fell!
And hadst *thou* been slain, my brother!
So nobly fighting there!
Methinks 'twere easier to smother
The cry of my despair.

But thou! who wert the free—the bold!
In danger's front the first!
Cag'd in Castilian prison hold—
I know thy heart will burst.
O could I break thy fetters now,
And set thy chain'd limbs free!
Bitter! to think the yoke should bow
A warrior like thee!

THE BRIDGE OF PINOS.

YE noble brothers ! by detraction stung
 To vindicate by deathless deeds your name—
 How, by reproaches were your bosoms wrung,
 Ere death had won the chaplet of your fame !

By your bright blood—young heroes ! vainly shed,
 Where Pinos' Bridge was lost—devoted spot !
 By our deep sorrow for the glorious dead,
 Ne'er shall your patriot mem'ries be forgot !

The limpid stream once dancing on its way,
 Bearing sweet flowers on its crystal flood,
 Bathing those verdant banks with silver spray—
 Now crimson flows :—its waters stain'd with blood !

Against the onset of invading Spain,
 Ye kept the pass, brave warriors ! how long !
 Till falling, amidst piles of victims slain,
 Ye died—avenging your lov'd country's wrong.

Yon column—rais'd by grateful countrymen,
Where Azrael * your fainting souls receiv'd,
Proclaims to Christian and to Saracen,
The prodigies of valour ye achiev'd.

In the sad hearts of weeping Granada,
Records as lasting of your worth, endure !
Your names, the watch-word of our Freedom are,
Heroic brothers !—models for the Moor !

* Azrael—angel of Death.

“The celebrated Bridge of Pinos, long famed for many a desperate struggle between the Moors and Christians. It is memorable, if only from the devoted heroism of two Moorish brothers, who, being reproached by the people on the fall of the fortresses they commanded, asked permission to defend the Pass of Pinos into the plain. At the head of a remnant of their veteran garrisons, they met the onset of the whole Spanish cavalry, and long held possession of the bridge, like the Roman Cocles, performing incredible acts of valour. Disputing it, inch by inch, till the stream ran red with blood. Every Moor died upon the foot of ground he had occupied to defend, till the two brothers, scorning to live more amongst an ungrateful people, fell gloriously covered with wounds. On hearing their heroic and protracted defence, with the great slaughter of the Spaniards, the admiration and regret of the Moors exceeded even their reproaches, and eagerly extolling their generous daring, they erected to their memory a column in the vicinity of the bridge—afterwards distinguished by the name of the Two Brothers.—ROSCOE'S TOURIST IN SPAIN.—See note, p. 45.

THE DEPARTURE OF MUZA.

THE fortress keys of Granada are render'd up to
Spain ;

The echo of her deep despair, has reached across the
plain !

Whilst crowds are hurrying to and fro, and tumult
fills the street ;

And oaths of fiery rage, and woe, are heard where
Moslems meet.

The fatal doom so long foretold—this dark captivity
Presaged by evil days of old, is mark'd by destiny.

Land of the Darro and Xenil !—which now ensanguin'd
flow,

By the royal traitor, Boabdil, you're ceded to the
foe !

The clamours of a nation jar upon Abdallah's ear—
The voice of lamentation is resounding far and near !
When amid Granada's weeping throng, heroic Muza
stood—

“ Ye shed salt tears,” he cried, “ too long ! I'll teach
ye to *shed blood* !

“ Can life be so ignobly dear, that in the balance,
fame,

Religion, liberty, appear, each but an empty name ?

O ! may great Allah ere forefend I should survive the
day,

When Moors shall be content to bend beneath the
Christians' sway !”

“ But if there be *one* noble heart, with freedom's
thoughts that swell,

Muza's mail'd tread shall ne'er depart, from the land
where heroes dwell !

For while our arms the sword can wield, we still may
honour'd die !

Follow me to the tented field ! I'll lead to victory !”

And has the spirit-stirring call no bold response
awoke?

Silence is in the Council Hall, since Muza boldly
spoke:

Deep scorn lit up his eagle eye, as lurid lightnings
play,
Awhile he paus'd for a reply—then proudly strode
away.

With indignation burning, swift as the rushing
blast,
For freedom nobly yearning, through th' Elvira gate
he past;
The Moor's last hope has fled *with thee*, undaunted
Saracen!
Onward his course is sped! how swell'd the exile's
bosom then!

Gallant Muza!—when and where did thy spirit pass
away?

Thou, whose soul could singly dare, to resist the con-
queror's sway!

Wild remorse and bitter anguish, for thy countrymen
remain—

In the yoke of Spain they languish. *Thou* alone hast
spurn'd the chain !

THE EXILE'S LAMENT FOR GRANADA.

LAND of the citron and the vine !

Beloved land!—Farewell !

Within this anguish'd heart of mine,

What pangs my bosom swell !

Farewell, ye snow-clad mountains—

Lovely homes, my childhood knew—

Bright alabaster fountains,

Take the exile's last adieu !

Fall'n heroes, who so nobly bled,

Fair Granada to save,

Vainly your life-blood has been shed !

Peace to the martyr'd brave !

Ye soft delights entrancing,

Bath'd in mem'ry's fervid glow—

Glad streams in sun-light glancing ;

From your beauteous banks I go !

The triumph of our battle-cry,
 In gladness borne along,
The shouts of Moslem victory,
 No more inspire the song !
But bitter grief, and dark dismay,
 Alone can echo there,
In fun'ral wail, to mark the day,
 Of Granada's despair !

Her eagle fortresses are now
 A black and ruin'd heap—
Treason has struck the final blow,
 And maids and matrons weep ;
From scenes on which we doated,
 Must our flying footsteps steal,
And where the *Crescent* floated,
 Wave the banners of Castile !

The thunder of the deep tambour,
 The clarion's shrill breath,
Urg'd in dauntless strife the flow'r
 Of Moorish hosts to death !

O ! happy they, whose corses lie
On Vega's battle plain ;
For their lov'd country's cause to die,
Unknowing now its stain !

Lament—lament for Granada—
Her splendid reign is done !
The notes of woe are borne afar !—
Set is her glorious sun !
In her wide courts shall flash no more
Falchion or scymitar—
The queen of cities is no more !
Lament for Granada.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

AND

LYRICS.

All the songs and ballads in this collection have been assigned to Mr. Dean, (New Bond Street,) with the exception of " Spirit of Music " and " The False One ;" and most of them have been published by him with music composed by the author. To his permission they owe their re-appearance in this volume.

INTRODUCTION.

THE LONELY LYRE.

No rose wreaths crown thy strings—my lonely lyre !
No triumph lingers thy low notes among—
The *most* its simple pathos may aspire
Is, to be mingled with the *breath of song* !
O ! though no dreams of fond ambition fire—
Dear art thou still to me—my lonely lyre !

Sweet melodies of nature !—warbling bird—
And bright-wing'd insect hum—and murm'ring breeze,
How oft my pulses have been gladly stirr'd,
Exulting gaily—by such sounds as these !
Will not the echoes of your joy inspire
The heart that lov'd your music—lonely lyre ?

Haply some wand'ring wind awhile may tremble
Around your chords, and in soft cadence float—
Teach them its mournful sweetness to resemble
And lend its eloquence to some wild note !
Happy !—if such tones thou should'st thus acquire,
From the wind's magic lute—my lonely lyre !

SPRING TIME.

"Primavera ! a suoi Sospiri,
 Vede il Ciel resserenar—
 L'orme sue, con mille giri
 Sciolto il rio torna a bacciar !
 Delle grazie, degli amori
 La festeggia il vago stuol !
 Nuove erbette, nuovi fiori
 Le prepara amante il Suol."

SWEET nightingale ! thy plaintive note

Wakes in my breast a thrill

Of answ'ring sadness—softly float

Those notes in gentlest trill !

Methinks I could remain for aye

Thus listening to thy melody !

The warbling thrush—the cooing dove

Make the air musical

With untaught song—the chesnut grove

With such sweet sounds is full !

All things with life and joyance teem
Basking beneath the vernal beam !

I will not muse—I will not dream
Of what is past and gone !
While all things else so blissful seem,
Shall I be sad alone ?
Away—away each wayward thought,
With aught of care or sadness fraught !

From bough to bough—from tree to tree,
Echoes some silver voice,
Rich in spring's flute-like harmony,
Bidding the world rejoice !
There should not be a single thing,
Subject to sorrow's law, in spring.

Welcome, ye bright and sunny hours !
Ye fragrant buds, all hail !
Thrice welcome to these beauteous flow'rs,
And to the nightingale !
All which to life new raptures bring,
Welcome—each sight and sound of spring !

This verdant bank—my resting-place,
Is rich with radiant things ;
Plants—in each hue and shape of grace ;
And many colour'd wings
Of sportive butterflies—whose flight
Looks a career of golden light !

While round me sport a countless train,
Of birds and humming bees,
A spirit-like and fairy strain
Of music fills the breeze—
Awake ! awake ! be joyous all,
For this is Nature's carnival !

What though some chord is snapp'd in twain
Which was thy *dearest* one,
And secret tears have fall'n like rain,
When summer's bloom is gone ;
Come hither ! hither ! blighted heart !
And bid thy bosom's weight depart.

Come hither to the chesnut tree,
Spangled with silver bloom !

'Twill weep its starry buds o'er thee ;
And round thy haunt shall come,
The loveliest, fairest things that are,
To win thee from the thought of Care !

Hasten ! for Zephyr gently breathes,
And vernal sunbeams shine !
And thou mayst weave the gayest wreathes
To hang on Flora's shrine !
Let thy light step obey the call,
For this is Flora's festival !

Let the soft gales which kiss thy brow,
And balmy incense bring,
Teach thee with new-born hopes to glow—
Hopes that may quickly fling
A veil of light o'er other years.
Forget ! forget thy wayward tears !

Tears !—wherefore name that chilling word
On such a day as this ?
O ! wherefore waken any chord,
Save that which echoes bliss ?

Thou may'st have wept too much erewhile !

But now, come forth, and brightly smile.

For life is all too short to cling

To sorrow's imagery !

Then wherefore should her sable wing

O'ershadow memory ?

What though our dearest hopes decay,

Can fond desire recall them? Nay !

Then to the tempting greenwood hie—

Come one—come *all* in joy !

Let not a retrospective sigh,

This hour of smiles alloy—

But ev'ry voice a welcome sing,

“ All hail to the return of spring ! ”

SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

SPIRIT ! Spirit ! come to me now !
 The leaves are trembling on the bough !
 And the sweet breath of the western breeze,
 Shakes clouds of blossoms from the trees !
 The nightingale, thy fav'rite child,
 Fills the air with her warblings wild—
 Now is the genial time for thee,
 Spirit of Music—come to me !

Spirit of melody ! spirit divine !
 Thou knowest—thou knowest my soul is thine !
 Grant me a voice whose thrilling tone,
 Whose sweetness may be all thine own !
 Give me to touch, by its secret lore,
 Hearts, that have never been touch'd before !
 Thou that dwell'st in the balmy air—
 Spirit of Music!—hear my pray'r.

Beautiful Spirit ! I call thee again !
O let not thy captive plead in vain ;
I sue for a power that may breathe
Calmness and peace ; for I would wreath
Such a mystic spell around the soul
As colder power shall ne'er control !
Sov'reign Spirit !—spirit of bliss,
Deny me not—grant this—grant this !

Published with music, and in the possession of Mr. Mori. It appeared in the "Musical Gem" of 1830.

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

OH ! could I calm yon raging sea,
Whose mountain waves toss fearfully
 Their giant crests of foam !
For he is in his slender bark,
Breasting that world of waters dark ;
 Kind ocean, waft him home !

'Tis awful thus to watch and wake,
And dare the tempest for his sake,
 Trembling with hope and fear ;
To listen to the sea-gull's scream—
I see, I see the white sail gleam !
 My husband, thou art near !

He'll chide me for my fearfulness,
And with a kind and gay caress,

Gladden my sinking heart ;
Yet he will tempt the wave again,
And call the anxious terrors vain,
That rack me when we part.

Beautiful is the deep blue sea
When summer gales sigh placidly
Over the billows hoar ;
'Tis music then to hear them dash,
As the bright waters leap and flash,
Against the rocky shore !

But now ! in every echoing surge
I hear a note of ocean's dirge
Around its victim's bier !
He's safe ! and these are idle fears ;
I'll brush away my woman's tears ;
My husband, thou art *here* !

MEMORY'S TEARS.

“ Fugge il Tempo—ma le memoria resta.”

OH, memory ! with thy thousand spells
 Of pleasure and of pain !
 We worship thee ! yet reason tells
 Such worship is in vain !
 The soul's strong yearning cannot bring
 One vanish'd hour back ;
 The hopes that mock—the woes that wring—
 Which mark life's weary track.
 No ! time has mingled them alike
 In the dark web of fate,
 And when death lifts his hand to strike,
 What avails love or hate ?
 Or all the restless pangs we feel—
 And *felt* in former years ?
 Remember, then, thy *joy*—but steel
 Thy heart 'gainst memory's tears !

SONG.

I KNOW THOU'LT REMEMBER ME.

THE flowers of a foreign clime are blooming,
Dear absent one ! for thee,
While the fragrant breeze around they are perfuming
Let them breathe fond thoughts of me :
The melodies of other lands are ringing
In rich music on thine ear ;
O remember then the voice of her, who's singing
The lays thou held'st so dear !

In the fav'rite paths our careless steps frequented,
Where so joyously we met,
The friends of yore—the chang'd—and the lamented,
Haunt my dreaming fancy yet !
By those, who in my sorrow or my gladness,
Felt an answ'ring bosom thrill,
O be mindful, lonely heart ! in thy sadness
Thou art unforgotten still !

For ever, and for ever, I am yearning
For the lov'd no longer nigh,
For bright visions which can never be returning,
And the blissful days gone by !
Yet O ! by many a sweet familiar token
Recognis'd by such as *thee* !
Though the lovely spells of happy youth are broken,
I know thou'lt remember me !

LINES FOR MUSIC.

“ Chi vuol dimenticare, soviene sempre.”

It is a bitter thing to feel

How coldly life wears on,

When stern, ill-omen'd chances steal

The hopes we never dare reveal,

Till, one by one, they 're gone !

It is a bitter thing to know

That while the ready smile

And even brow, conceal the woe

Dwelling *beneath* that studied glow,

'Tis but deceit the while.

We mingle in the gay career,

Determin'd “ to forget ;”

Why should the sad remembrance sear ?

In vain —the past is still too dear !—

Too deeply graven yet !

THE INFANT LYRA.

Lines suggested by hearing the infant Lyra ; the little “ Improvisatrice ” who was so well known for the wonderful genius she displayed at the early age of six years, when the writer first heard her play on the harp.

SWEET child ! deep in thy infant mind,
 The seat of music’s spell,
 Genius and feeling are enshrin’d,
 And rich gifts with thee dwell !

O who that looks upon thy brow,
 Radiant and fair as it is now,
 But must sigh to think of the chilling blight
 Which soon will steal over those features bright ?
 Radiant they are in the heavenly light
 Thy enthusiasm gives ;
 But *this* is no home for spirits rare,
 There is nothing beautiful or fair
 In this world of trial lives !

Thou fairy child ! I pity thee,
While all are envying ;
Too soon thine ardent soul will be
Depress'd and withering !

And care will steal from thy sweet face
Some of its own bewitching grace,
And the ruin of faded hope will speak
In paleness and woe on thy sunken cheek—
Where *then*, alas ! minstrel girl, wilt thou seek
Thy wond'rous inspired strain ?
O *this* is no home for spirits rare,
There is nothing beautiful or fair
But must droop in decay and pain !

E'en so—e'en so—*thy* fate must be !
Those mirthful fancies gay,
And childhood's playful laugh and glee
Must yield to sorrow's sway !

Little *thou* know'st of grief or tears !
The anguish of maturer years ;

The passions that sear are unknown to *thee* ;
Yet suff'ring, sure doom of mortality,
Will spread its dark cloud o'er the dew-bright eye ;
E'en *thine own*, sweet child ! must fade !
For *this* is no home for spirits rare,
There is nothing beautiful or fair
For a world like our's made !

The forebodings expressed in these lines were unfortunately verified a few years ago, as it is generally supposed that this interesting child fell a sacrifice to the early display of her precocious talent.

THE BANDIT'S BRIDE.

HURRAH! for the bandit chief!

They have ta'en him in his lair;

There he stands in his sullen grief—

They are mocking his stern despair;

Whilst the wounded and the dying lie scatter'd all
around,

And many a slaughter'd robber is stiff'ning on the
ground.

Hurrah! for the conflict's won!

'Twas a fierce and deadly strife

Never more shall the gladsome sun

Shine on Carlos' forfeit life!

But who is she? the lovely one who's clinging to his
side?

'Tis Rosalie, the mountain flower—'tis Rosalie, the
bride!

He had woo'd her from her bow'r
With many a fond caress ;
He had pluck'd the mountain flower—
Ah ! little did she guess
When he took her from her early home, and left it
desolate,
That she had chosen Carlos, *the brigand*, for her
mate !

But dearly still she lov'd him
With a firm and faithful love !
To him her heart had given
All—save its hopes above !
And when he'd told the fearful truth, and all disguise
was o'er,
She only wept, and pray'd him, to repent and sin no
more !

And now, as she flung her down,
And look'd up in his face,
That iron brow relax'd its frown,
As he snatch'd one wild embrace.

“ Now fare-thee-well, my beautiful ! thou wert a
felon's wife ;

O would that we had never met ! for *thy* sweet sake,
my life !”

With a deep sob of agony

Her slender hands she clasp'd—

“ Mercy !” she said, with a frantic cry,

As the victor's knees she grasp'd.

“ Woman ! there is no hope for him,” was the chief-
tain's stern reply,

“ Had he a thousand lives, in *each* he were condemn'd
to die !”

Down—down she sunk on the crimson'd stone,

As the fatal words he spoke—

“ Save him,” was still her dying moan,

And with that her heart-strings broke !

And Carlos, ere the death-shot sped, a shriek of anguish
gave—

For low lay his lovely mountain flow'r—and they
shar'd one common grave.

THE ITALIAN GIRL DYING IN THE NORTH.

I'm withering away in this bleak and frozen land—
Faintly my wild lyre's strings I wake, with weak and
trembling hand ;

They bid me wake sweet melody ; but, ah ! this
lab'ring breath—

This painful utterance gives sign—it is the song of
death !

Not *thus* it was in happier days, when joyously I sung,
And list'ning crowds in rapture heard, and on my
accents hung ;

They said the soul of genius beam'd in lustre from
mine eye—

Alas ! that lovely light is quench'd—they brought me
here to die !

O that I were far, far from hence, in my own sunny
clime !

This failing form might then revive—yet, yet it might
be time ;

Thy balmy air, sweet Italy, so healingly which blows,
Might bring my step its firmness back—to my wan
cheek the rose !

Ah, no ! I feel it is too late ! my faint voice grows
more faint ;

These falt'ring tones can scarcely breathe my sorrow's
dying plaint !

Yet bear me hence, kind strangers, to the country of
my birth,

Ere yet my spirit's yearning glance shall pass away
from earth !

O bear me hence ! these regions, where deep snow
for ever lies,

They pierce the shrinking bosom of a child of
southern skies :

The icy blasts of Russia from the mountains rushing
forth,

Have nipp'd the blossom of my life—I perish in the
North !

Yet once again, might I behold mine own Italian
home !

Its summer bloom, and 'mongst the vines and olive
gardens roam !

Record th' expiring vow of love, at beauty's native
shrine,

Then soar above on angel wings—I should not *then*
repine !

MEMORIES.

THERE is a time—there is an hour—
 When Fancy has most witching pow'r ;
 And floating freshly o'er the brain,
 All that *has been*, returns again !
 Yes ! all returns—the dreams of old,
 Which cheating tales of joy foretold—
 The sound of some light footfall gone
 From the domestic hearth—the tone—
 The pressure of some kindly hand
 Far distant in another land—
 The merry laugh of those whom care
 Now makes his heavy fetters wear ;
 And who, when custom bids them smile,
 Look as if their hearts *wept* the while ;
 The visions of our happiest days ;
 Some cherish'd look—some hoarded praise ;

All that has been our bliss or bane—
All that we felt, and felt in vain,
Dwells in our memory again.

Has it ne'er been *thy* lot to know
The throbbing pulse—the fev'rish glow—
Call'd up by treasur'd memories
In these, thy silent reveries ?
When some dear voice, in well remember'd tone,
Comes thrilling on thine ear ?
And with a sound of music, all its own,
Whispers some words, *as dear !*
Forgotten, perhaps, by all save thee !
But fix'd so deeply in thy heart ;
Ah ! whether gay or sad they be,
Those accents ne'er depart !

Would'st thou another spell ?—yet more—
The friends whose loss thou may'st deplore,
E'en for the dead ! there is an hour
When mem'ry has such mighty pow'r,
Their forms rise dimly on our view
And manhood's grace, and beauty's hue,

As in their brightest, fairest days,
Again entrance our fervent gaze !
They are before us in their prime—
This is the hour—this the time,
And fancy paints them in her freshest bloom,
As tho' they were not mould'ring in the tomb !

O memory ! fond memory !

When all things change, we fly *to thee* !

We bid thee bring us back the years—

The thoughts—the friends we lov'd so well—

Even our sorrow Time endears !

Breathe upon us thy magic spell !

The past, the past floats round me now

And tones which feeling can endow

With many a charm, and many a throe

Of deeply-prov'd and silent woe !

And *some* that were so full of bliss—

Too much, too bright for a world like this !

Mem'ry ! there *is* a witching pow'r—

This is the time—this is the hour !

LOOK ON YOUR ROSES.

“Celui qui n’a pas souffert,” dit un prophète, “que sait-il?”

MADAME DE STAEL.

FULL many a bright and enthralling dream
Has ’rapt my soul in its sunny gleam ;
Vision’d delights that were frail and fair,
And *transient*, as *all* things lovely are !
Yet they were witching as dreams could be—
Look on your roses—and think of me !

O let my name be wreath’d with the thought
Of flowers and buds with perfume fraught !
Let it be pleasant, and sweet to thee
As fountains in sandy Araby !
As summer and summer flow’rs can be—
Look on your roses—and think of me !

They have been twin'd in my raven hair,
And, though they might look less bright, less fair,
Than when they adorn'd their parent tree,
Gracefully fann'd by the breezes free ;
The tresses they deck'd, were deck'd *for thee*—
Look on your roses—and think of me !

Is there a blossom of radiant hue,
Whose blushing head is bow'd down with dew ?
The noonday sun shall soon dry the stain—
The rose looks up in her pride again !
She weeps ! but forgets her tears ! *Do we ?*
Look on your roses—and think of me !

O that such fairy gifts must perish !
Like the *one* precious hope we cherish,
Fading in dimness and tears away,
As the sweetest buds will first decay ;
But thus, alas ! it will *ever* be—
Look on your roses—and think of me !

And is there *nought* lasting of mortal birth ?
There is—there is—the friendship of earth !

O promise of price ! to the faithful given—
Falter not ! there is friendship in heaven ;
May I among those pure spirits be !
Look on your roses—and think of me !

CHILDHOOD.

“ The tear down childhood’s cheek that flows
 Is like the dew-drop on the rose,
 When next the passing wind goes by,
 And sweeps the bush—the flower is dry.”

I WOULD I were a child again,
 To taste of childhood’s bliss ;
 Each link in life’s mysterious chain
 Is a broken link but this.
 Could I recall that fairy train
 Haunting my early track,
 And be the same I *was* again !
 Childhood, come back ! come back !

To bound along the flow’ry path
 With laughter echoing long ;
 And know each plant the greenwood hath,
 And fill the air with song.

When my heart grows sick of the world's dull round,

I think of this—and sigh !

O how I long for some well-known sound

I lov'd in those days gone by !

Beautiful seem'd the future then

To my sanguine fantasy ;

Oft have I stol'n to some wild glen,

To dream with ecstasy !

A thousand visions of delight

Which made my gay heart thrill ;

What was to come, was a picture bright,

But the *present* brighter still !

Have life's successes pow'r to make

Th' ambitious mind more blest,

Than when the child's small fingers take

The linnet from her nest ?

Is triumph's glow less precious then—

Does he step less proudly on—

Than when, amidst the haunts of men,

A richer trophy's won ?

Do the pleasures of our riper hours
 With greater joy abound,
Than when, in pursuit of summer flow'rs,
 The *first* wild-rose is found?
When there is bliss in the very air,
 And life in each balmy breeze,
Which shakes the curls from our shining hair!
 When find we joys like these?

Childhood ! thine *is* a happy spell !
 Gladness is in each voice
Of thine ardent bosom ; well, O well,
 May'st thou bid us rejoice !
For never shall the spirit of bliss
 Bathe in such radiance, hours
Which only belong to a time like this—
 Once—*only* once—they're ours !

And tho' *after*-dreams of gladness come
 To cheer our pilgrimage,
There is *no home* like our *first* home—
 No page like our first page !

When pleasure holds her blissful reign,
Ere we have learnt to yearn
For joys which prove all cold and vain—
Childhood ! return—return !

ZELIA.—A SKETCH.

“ In sweet pride upon that insult keen
 She smiled ; then drooping mute and broken-hearted,
 To the cold comfort of the grave departed.”

MILMAN.

KNEW of one whose destiny was sad !

Whose heart's deep musings all were pure and holy !

No dreams her light elastic spirit had,

In youthful days, allied to melancholy.

But many a sorrow blanch'd her roseate cheek,

And stole the lustre from her eyes so meek ;

And sadness came o'er her—the once *so blest*—

Ere she descended to her house of rest.

The hand of death relentless stole

The object dearest to her soul ;

O bitter was that dreadful hour

When first she learnt affliction's pow'r !

But there was still a beacon light
Which shone as brilliantly and bright ;
On that guiding star poor Zelia kept
Her firm dependence, and tho' she wept,
From that heav'n she lov'd was sent a smile
To cheer her drooping heart the while.

Hope tried each witching, soothing art,
And pour'd her cordial on the heart ;
'Twas not in vain ! those tender wiles
Restor'd the truant peace in smiles !

But there was a harder trial yet

For Zelia's mind to prove ;

One—gay and graceful whom she met

Had sought—and won her love.

Time past ! and soon by Vernon's side

She stood a happy, blushing bride ;

And gaily flew some space away !

But the inconstant mind will stray

From ev'n the loveliest ! and she

Was lovely as the fair can be.

Caught by the blandishments of one
Who many as weak a heart had won,
And, harden'd in the course of sin,
Made it her boast such hearts to win :
He could forsake his Zelia now,
Whose drooping form and alter'd brow
A tale of secret suffering told ;—
True, he was *kind*—but then, how *cold* !
How chang'd since in their bridal days
Each word, each look of his breath'd praise !
Could he desert his Zelia ? Yes !
He left her to the bitterness
Of an aching heart, and a lonely home,
Where his footsteps paus'd in shame to come ;
For never yet had Vernon heard
Reproach, or one upbraiding word,
From her, whose hourly change was token
The silver chord of life was broken !
She could not live ! No ! Zelia's heart
 Could ill support its fatal doom ;
In tears we watch'd her soul depart—
 And Vernon wept upon her tomb !

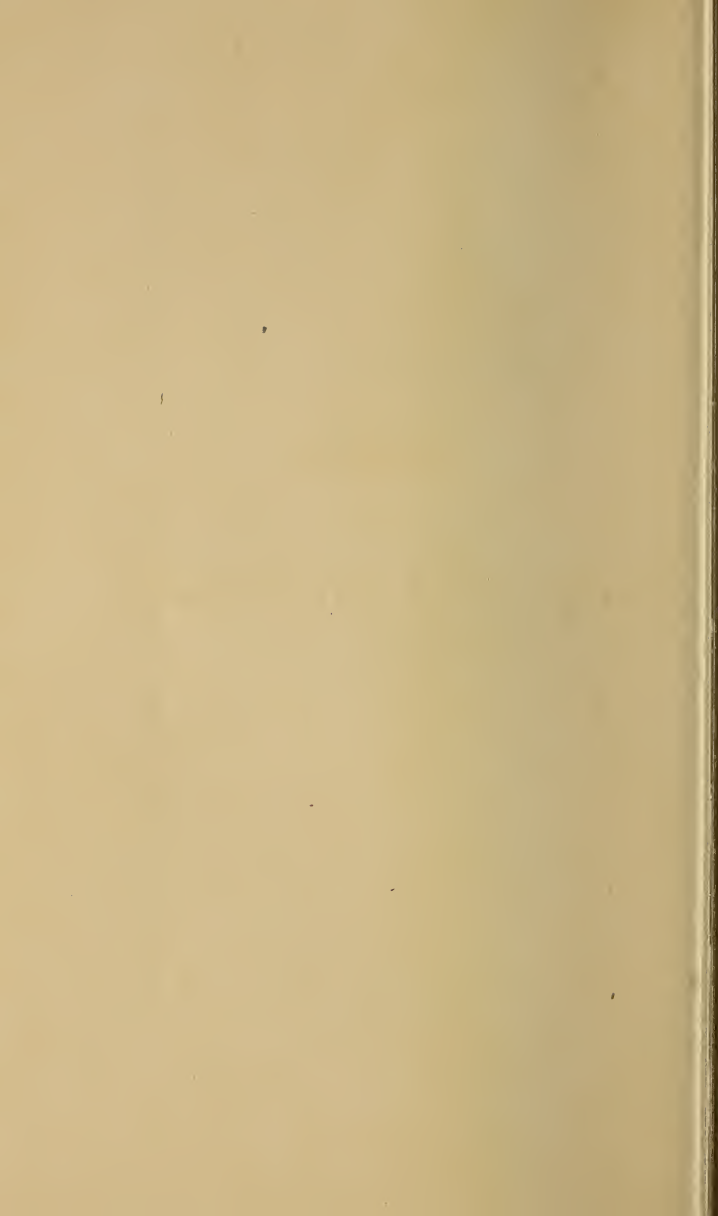
* * * *

He weeps for thee ! with gushing tears
Who blighted the bloom of thy youthful years !
He weeps for thee ! who forgot thy love,
And the web of thy life in sadness wove.
Yes ! Zelia—the cruel one is here—
He has strewn flow'rs on thy early bier,
And his bosom swells, and fondly yearns,
For the lost one who no more returns !
She, who his many wrongs forgave
Is sleeping now in the quiet grave !
And her spirit lives in that peaceful home,
Where no neglect or unkindness come !
But her image evermore shall dwell,
In his breast, who sobs a last farewell !

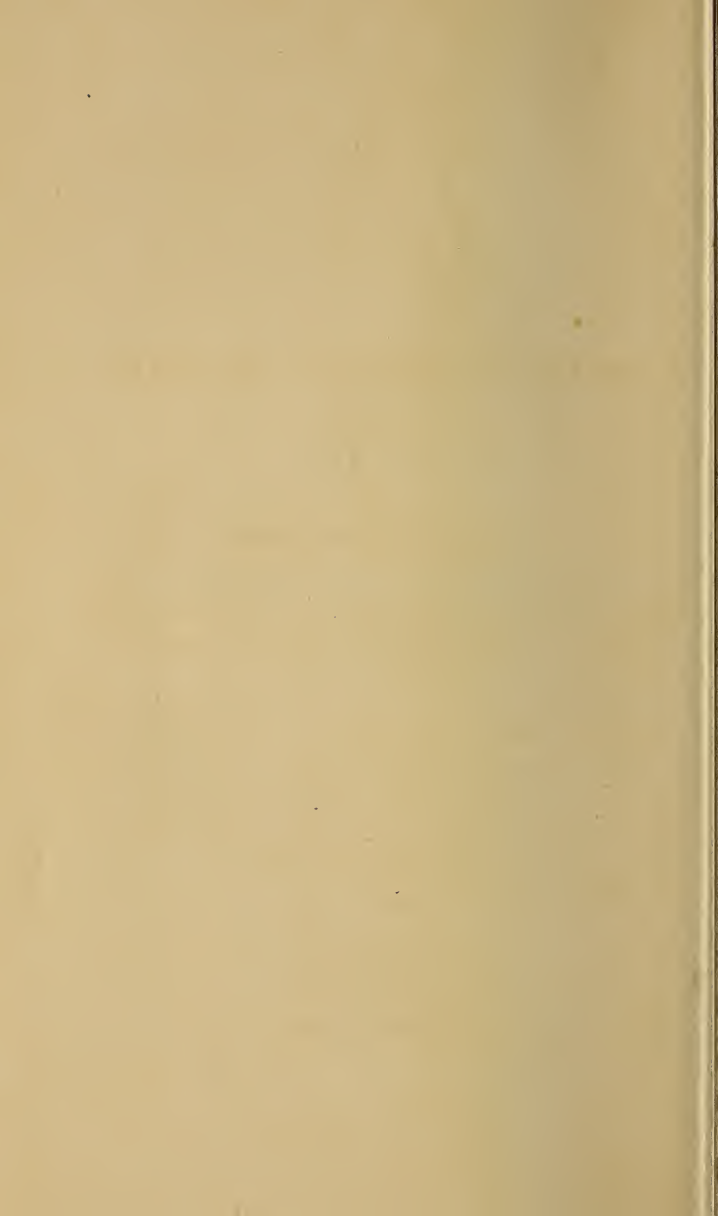
* * * *

O ye ! who know your lightest tone
Is dear to some heart which is *yours* alone,
Pause e're you suffer your own to range
From her who withers at the change !
Pause—ere you fill the poison'd cup
With tears—and bid her drink it up.

Yea—though your truth may fall asleep—
Pause!—ere you plunge the arrow deep
In her faithful bosom!—never more,
Whate'er your fate—on sea or shore,
Asleep or waking—shall ye cease,
To rue that hour—or sigh for peace!



A SERIES
OF
POETICAL PICTURES.



A SERIES OF POETICAL PICTURES.

IL BIGLIETTO D'AMORE.

These lines were suggested by a picture of an Italian girl dictating to one of the old scribes who ply in the streets of Rome, a letter to her lover.

O ! bid him soon return,
To cheer my soul again ;
And tell him how I burn
With hope deferr'd in vain !
O ! say, how I have wept
My weary time away—
My faith hath never slept,
My truth can ne'er decay !

He said my eyes were bright
As some ethereal star—
Bid him bring back their light !
Dim, tearful, now they are !
Look at this fading cheek,
For love of him grown pale.
Ay ! gaze, old man, and speak—
Tell all the mournful tale !

The grief of one who's left,
To think of past delight—
Of peace and joy bereft,
Till he shall bless her sight ;
Yet, though he's far away,
And I am left alone,
Old man ! I charge thee say,
I am his own !—his own !

Arranged to music, and in the possession of Mr. Dean, by whom it
will be published.

SILENCE.

Lines suggested by a picture representing Silence as a beautiful girl
pressing her finger on her lip and smiling.

SILENCE with a lip of mirth?

Laughing looks, and ringlets wild?

Silence ne'er in joy had birth;

She, alas! is *Sorrow's* child!

Fancy! thou hast surely err'd,

Decking her with smiles and bloom,

Who of Silence ever heard,

Save in mournfulness and gloom!

Scarce can we recognise thee,

Lovely as thou'rt here pourtray'd:

Silence *thou* can'st never be,

Else those sparkling eyes would fade!

With the scornful and unblest,
With the bosom cold and chill ;
Much by haughty pride carest ;
With *the sad* thou dwellest still !

Far from noisy pleasures stealing,
Often art thou seen to brood,
O'er some grief that's past revealing—
Nursling pale of solitude !

Blighting doubt and wasting fears,
Lips seal'd fast in cold despair—
Eyes, whose light is quench'd in tears—
Where *these* are, Silence is there !

Never could'st thou yet impart,
One dear hope or dream of bliss ;
Cold and dull, and dim thou art,
Never brightly fair as this !

Fairy form of bloom and smiles !
Need we ask thee—what art thou ?

This is one whom hope beguiles,
Lighting up the cheek and brow !

Masquerading she hath been !
Rosy youth and sportive glee,
In her speaking glance are seen—
Silence ! she *but* mocketh thee !

Ay ! press thy lip—thou lovely one,
Keep thy playful wit in thrall !
Eloquence dwells not alone,
In *one* sweet feature—'tis *in all* !

LINES,

WRITTEN ON SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PICTURE OF
YOUNG LAMBTON.

I LOOK upon thy radiant face, thou fair and pensive
child,

And think that thou wert all too bright, too beautiful
and mild,

To dwell upon this nether earth, where stormy passions
come :

So thou art gone afar from us, to thy happy spirit's
home

And though the grief of those who mourn'd thy loss
was deep and loud,

As they wept o'er *thee*, their beauteous flow'r, and laid
thee in the shroud ;

Yet, in his sinless, brief career, the fairy boy was blest !
He tasted but the sweets of life—and then, he was at
rest !

O ! better far, to follow thus the lov'd one to his tomb,
When his soul is in its freshness, and his beauty in its
bloom ;

Than to watch that blissful spirit's *change*, or weep
the bitter tears,

Of unavailing sorrow o'er the wreck of *after* years !

THE BROKEN HEART.

Suggested by a picture, which represents a young and lovely girl sitting in an attitude of deep dejection, holding her lover's miniature in her hand, and weeping.

“ Al cor gentil ripara sempre Amore,
Siccome Angello elle verdura ;
Non fe' Amor anzi che' gentil core,
Ne' gentil cor, anzi ch' Amor, natura ;
Ch' adesso come fu'l il Sole
Si tosto lo splendore fue lucente ;
Ne fu davanti al Sole ;
E prende Amor in gentilezza loco,
Cosi propriamente,
Com' il calore in clarita del foco.”

GUIDO GIUNICELLI.

“ Μὰ φείνεται — He leaves me.”

NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD.

I WOULD not have thee know the tears,
I've shed over thy memory ;
The anxious hopes, the chilling fears,
Which haunt me when I think of *thee* !

The fond remembrance, cherish'd still,
Amidst a wreck of treasur'd store—
Th' ecstatic flush! the thoughts that thrill!
The death-like gloom, when that is o'er!

Yes! *all* my soul could give of light—
Of joy and fondness—wealth divine!
All that *it knew*, of glowing, bright—
Realities and dreams—was *thine*!

Woman wastes all her tenderness,
And seeks in vain oblivion's balm—
And *I* too court forgetfulness,
But seek in vain that soothing calm!

What dream'd I when he won my heart—
What knew I of such artful thrift?
To give, and yet retain a part
Of true affection's plighted gift?

True! I shall rouse myself and smile—
And chase all signs of grief away:

But many a sickening pang the while
Will silent on my bosom prey !

The ready laugh, the sparkling eye,
Can mock joy's *outward* mien so well—
'Twere hard such well-feign'd gaiety
Aught of the inward strife should tell !

He'll never know one half of all
I must endure, and have endur'd,
The ardent spirit's restless thrall,
Which still clung fast, and still allur'd !

And hopes I durst not name ! so dear !
Which in his absence still beguil'd
That won me through the tedious year !
Ah ! strange they *now* appear, and wild !

Minds there are of a rainbow dye,
For ever varying in their mood ;
The shadow soon passes—the shaft speeds by—
They skim but *the surface* of passion's flood !

I cannot change ? Does he believe
Like *those* I ever now can be ?
They lightly love, and lightly grieve,
Another fate was made for me !

This blighted heart shall ne'er avow,
The grief a cold world would disdain ;
I cannot seek to *shun* it now,
My struggles to *forget* are vain !

Better it is, when in life's spring
The outbreakings of real bliss,
Turn, slow and sad, to shadowing—
To semblance all—poor—cold *as this* !

* * * *

O ! for one drop of that fabled spring,
Whose Lethean waters drown all pain !
But, no ! to me they could never bring,
The blissful hopes of life again !

Why do I sing when he's not here,
Who should be listening to me now ?

He shrinks from the unbidden tear,
That greets a false, forgotten vow !

Once! he'd listen with sparkling eye
If my lips did but sign to speak—
But his love is a dream gone by!
And my heart must forget or break!

A lovelier face hath won his smile—
Now he bows at a fairer shrine!
O heav'n! let me forget the while
That envied love was wholly mine!

He shall not hear my low complaint—
Ah! no! he shall not hear my sigh—
I would not put such cold restraint
Upon his new idolatry!

I fear me he will live to rue
The cruel blight he throws on one,
Whose sadden'd heart is firm and true
To mourn her bitter fate alone!

His light and mirthful laugh sounds strange—

Alas! *my* smiles are forc'd and chill—

Ah! false one! would that I might change!

It cannot be—I love thee still!

O! who that hath felt passion's thrill

Its secret spells of might and pow'r,

Would wish to linger coldly still,

When the heart's history is o'er!

* * * *

There's a withering sorrow now,

Like dew on a lily's head—

It presses down on her youthful brow,

And her gladness and glee are fled!

And something that was sweet hath past

From the music of her tone;

The bright glow of life is fading fast,

For her dream of fond hope is gone!

H

There lurks a canker in her bloom,
 'Tis mingled with life and breath ;
But what is there fearful in the tomb ?
 There is no deceit in death !

ON AN EXQUISITELY FINISHED PAINTING
OF A GROUP OF FLOWERS.

THERE is *a voice* in ye, dear flowers !

A voice I often hear—

Telling of vanish'd days and hours,

And friends no longer near !

But most—*one* little balmy gem,

My fav'rite, chosen one !

Has deeper power than all of them,

To wake the thrilling tone,

Which long has slept in mem'ry's shrine,

But wakes in beauty yet—

O ! what a wondrous spell is thine,

Mine own sweet violet !

A lovely flower can recall,

A dear, though sever'd tie ;

Youth's sanguine visions, glowing all
In fancy's radiant dye !

The buoyant step of careless glee,
The wreathed smiles of mirth—
All—all are summon'd back by thee,
Thou fragrant child of earth !

I pity the insensate proud,
Who scorn to love a flower—
O! heed not the contemptuous crowd,
But own their touching power !

They, chill'd by stately pageantry,
Your simple charms disdain ;
I never wish to look on ye
With *their* cold eyes again !

Flowers—dear flowers ! ye are to me
Treasures to heart and sense !
Nature's most lovely gifts are ye,
Fraught with *her* eloquence !

A PORTRAIT.

FAIR mother ! in thy soft blue eye,

Thy clear and open brow,

We read thy heart's sweet history !

O ! still remain as now ;

The kind—the beautiful, the blest

With all earth can bestow !

And happiness the only guest

Thy bosom e'er shall know !

Fair mother ! may thy power to bless

Long, long be cherish'd here !

Whilst thy young buds of loveliness

Gladden thy bright career !

That, when fresh years have set their seal

On eyes so sweetly meek,

Time, and *not care*, shall gently steal

The roses from thy cheek !

ON A MINIATURE.

DEAR image of our absent one! with what a deep
delight

I gaze upon that lovely face, those beaming features
bright!

How wistfully my lingering eye dwells on that glowing
cheek,

That noble brow and radiant glance! O! if thou
could'st but speak!

But mute, inanimate art thou! and all in vain caress'd
By lips, whose daily prayer is, "May'st thou be ever
blest!"

Thou know'st not of the tearful eyes, *so often* fixed on
thee,

But well can'st fancy all their love, though far away
from me!

To think of thee the livelong day—to dream of thee
at night,

And ever to retain this cherish'd picture in my
sight ;—

To wish that I could share thy joys, and soothe
each care of thine—

These are affection's fond employs—and *these* are
ever mine !

O ! blessed be the painter's art, which faithfully can
trace

Each lineament so justly dear—each charm of form
and face !

But lifeless, cold, and still, alas ! must the faint tran-
script be !

O ! would that pensive smile might change !—Canst
thou not speak to me ?

That idle wish !—how oft my heart sighs forth its vain
lament !

When with fond ling'ring gaze on thee, mine earnest
eyes are bent !

These cannot now respond to mine !—but hush ! these
longings vain—

'This treasur'd semblance is my joy, till we shall mee
again !

VENICE.

On one of Canaletti's paintings.

VENICE ! the beautiful ! the grand !

How sadly fall'n art thou !

Venice ! a rough and stranger hand

Has torn the jewels from thy brow !

Thou'rt shrunk beneath a foreign pow'r—

Thou art no more the free !

Past are the glories of thy hour

Of pride—fair Italy !

O ! mournfully the dark blue sea

Thy marble buildings laves—

The Adriatic mourns for thee !—

A sound of sadness in her waves !

For never more like some gay bride

She'll wear her Doge's ring—

His gondolas in regal pride

No nuptial offerings bring !

Yes !—thou hast crouch'd beneath the yoke—

Thy princes are as *slaves*—

The hearts which nobly would have broke

With *such* a doom, are in their graves !

The palaces whose stately domes

Rung with the festal song,

Are now the cold and dreary homes

Of poverty and wrong !

All freedom now is banished

From thy neglected halls ;

How is their grandeur vanished !

Whilst round thee, Venice ! darkly falls

A cloud, which ne'er will pass away

From thy degraded shore !

Lovely art thou in thy decay—

But powerful no more !

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

On a picture of a little Cottager sitting under a tree, with a Dog at her feet.

I KNOW ev'ry winding of the woodland path—
 I can tell where the blackbird carols wild and free ;
 The most beautiful blossoms which the green bank hath
 Are known to poor Carlo, my faithful dog, and me !

And when he's sitting at my feet beneath the tree,
 And I look upon the glories of the deep blue sky ;
 Methinks on this pleasant earth there cannot be
 A being half so blessed, or so glad as I !

I wander in the spring-time to yon city gay,
 To sell my sweet primroses, and such early flow'rs ;
 But never saw I aught that could tempt me away
 From thee, beloved woodland, and my own green
 bow'rs !

I never have known grief! for sorrow comes with sin—
I feel there's One above, the innocent will bless—
'Tis He that makes my heart all peace and joy within,
And fills me with a spirit of deep thankfulness!

Yes! thine *is* a blessed lot, little cottage maid!
'There are many in the world who might envy thee;
Though in glittering jewels and bright gems array'd,
Gold cannot heal a breaking heart, nor give *thy* glee!

Go not from thy peaceful home, artless blue-eyed child!
Palaces could offer no pleasures like thy own;
Live amongst thy flowers—thyself as pure and wild!
The guileless mind like thine, knows happiness alone!

THE GYPSY.

On a painting by Mr. F. Rochard, of a Gypsy telling Fortunes.

I AM of earth's wild wanderers !

Mine is a roving part ;

Yet the Gypsy girl's content with hers—

Care preys not on her heart !

When from my sylvan haunts I roam,

The fair, the gay, the young,

Around the fortune-teller come—

Fate hangs upon her tongue !

I have spells for the fond lover—

Spells for the miser's thrift—

I've a charm that can discover

Each rare and secret gift !

Now come hither ! thou lovely lady,
And cross my palm with gold ;
For costly should the guerdon be,
Thy future fate t' unfold !

Let me throw my raven tresses back,
To gaze on one so fair ;
Give me thy lily hand !—I track
The line of fortune there !
Thanks ! gentle lady ! for thy meed—
A benison 'twill bring ;
The stars a bright lot have decreed
To thee, with a wedding-ring !

And now away I'll gladly hie
To the woodland and the glen ;
How sweet the air of the summer sky,
Afar from the haunts of men !
And, though no gold or jewels glow
Amid each ebon curl,
As dear the wild-rose on her brow
To the dark ey'd Gypsy girl !

THE SHRIMP BOY.

On a drawing of a Fisher Boy with his Basket of Shrimps, walking
on the Sea Shore.

O do not scorn the orphan boy ! with his fresh and
finny store,

When he brings his hard-earn'd harvest, from the
chaf'd sea, safe to shore !

Scorn not the youthful fisherman, nor turn him from
thy door ;

He is a good and honest lad ! and the orphan boy is
poor !

There is a little fairy one at home who waits for him,
With an anxious heart and sorrowful, and eyes with
tears made dim !

For their father perish'd in his bark, 'neath the dark
stormy sea ;

And thy sister, Edward, shudders, lest that tyrant
Deep claim *thee* !

But little peril is there *now* in thy safe and gainful trade!

So thou hast told thy sister, who with smiles thy words repaid;

But 'tis *at night*, when he must face the terrors of the Deep,

That she sighs and prays for thee by turns, ere she sinks in her tearful sleep!

And forth he goes with a lightsome heart, and a bold and daring will—

Secure that in his wat'ry path, God will be with him still!

But see! he's filled his basket, and has brought its freight to shore—

O! do not slight the orphan!—the fisher boy is poor!

THE WIDOW.

Così trapassa al trapassar d'un giorno
Della Vita mortal il fiore e'l verde.—TASSO.

CALL her not “lonely!” though sorrow’s trace
Is left on that meek and lovely face!
Though the calm world around is sleeping,
While she, her mournful watch is keeping;
Though from that anguish stricken heart
All thought of earthly joys depart;
Buried with him in the sepulchre—
Call her not “*lonely*!” God is with her!

Far—far away from this world of care,
Her affections in bright regions are!
Purified now from mortal leaven,—
Where is her treasure?—fix’d in heaven!
Are there not minist’ring spirits nigh
To guard her in her agony?

More softly falls the frequent tear—
Call her not lonely ! for God is near !

O ! fondly must sad memory hover
O'er him—the faithful husband—lover !
He, who within thy heart enshrin'd,
Was with thy very life entwin'd !
But like a flower early blighted,
He's gone !—and thou art left benighted ;
Yet, tho' thy bright years are past by,
I call thee not “ *lonely* ! ”—thy God is nigh !

Those are the lonely, who in their woe
No rock of strength for their weakness know—
Who in their desolate path are left
Of ev'ry solace and hope bereft !—
Who, all despair, while tears are springing,
Are not to faith's best promise clinging—
Faith which can chasten thy sorrow now !—
These are the lonely !—but, O ! not thou !

ALINE.

The subject is taken from a painting by an amateur artist of great merit.

SAY, sweet Aline! say, fair Aline!

Why dost thou wander here at ev'n?

Is it to gaze on the lake so sheen,

Or to meet mild Night with her air serene?

Is it to catch a farewell glance

Of the parting sunbeams, as they dance

O'er the rich foliage of the spring?

Is it to hear the woodland ring

With the nightingale's sweet carolling?

Is it to gather the fragrant rose?

Or to watch the flow'rets as they close?

Is it to bend o'er the streamlet clear,

And see thy beauty imaged there?

Is it to muse on thy lost Henri—

Far, as thou knowest, far from thee?

Nay ! say not some, in battle slain—
He fell ! and never rose again !
Thou think'st this still a falsity !
Can cheerful hope yet smile on thee ?

O sweet Aline ! O fair Aline !
I cannot read thy alter'd mien !
Her look is wild—her glance is keen—
What can this fev'rish transport mean ?
Her cheek is flush'd—her pulses beat—
Her step how hurried ! and how fleet !

A little skiff comes swiftly o'er
The waters—Aline gains the shore ;
She tosses back the curls which flow
O'er her fair shoulders—white as snow !
Why does she clasp her hands ? and why
That gleam of rapture in her eye ?

The boat is fasten'd to the shore—
Who was it toss'd away the oar ?
What mantled stranger, too, is he
Who springs upon the bank ? And see !

Now he is kneeling at Aline's feet !
And she, as pale as winding-sheet !
She faints—revives—O ecstasy !
'Tis the long-lost,—her lov'd, Henri !

HADJAR EL BENAT ; OR, THE DAMSEL'S ROCK.

This story is founded on a fact related in Burchardt's "Notes on the Bedouins," vol. i. p. 276, as follows—

"Another instance of Bedouin feeling occurred above twenty years since, near Wady Feiran, in the Desert of Sinai, where a mountain is shown, from which two young girls precipitated themselves, having the ringlets of their hair twisted together ; thus they dashed themselves to pieces, because on that evening they were to be married to men they disliked. The summit from which they threw themselves is still called 'Hadjár el Benát,' or the Damsel's Rock."

UPON a dizzy height they stood—

Two graceful Arab maids ;

Why were they in that solitude,

Far from their sheltering shades ?

One fairy form had closely clung

Around her sister's statelier frame ;

And upwards was her white arm flung,

As, shudderingly her accents came :

“ Dear native tents ! they stilly look
 Beneath the noontide glare !
And scarce a rustling breeze has shook
 Our date-tree waving there !
Yet, Fatmé ! there will be fierce rage,
 And weapons glancing keenly bright,
And anguish, time can ne’er assuage,
 In our own Bedouin tribe to-night !

“ But ’twill be vain ! their lightning speed !
 Our death-cry will have past—
With none to stay—with none to heed—
 Unknown, upon the blast !
The savage vulture of the wild
 Alone to track our bones may dare ;
Yet, happier for the Desert’s child
 A death like this—than life’s despair !

“ Sister ! they’ll miss our glancing feet
 When the moon’s midnight pomp is gleaming ;
At the ‘ Mesâmer,’* throngs will meet !
 Ah ! none will of our fate be dreaming.

* The Mesâmer are general throughout the Desert, but almost every

While they pour forth our praise in song,
And seek us 'mongst the veiled train,
Will they not think we linger long?—
Ne'er shall they see our forms again!

“ Our Arab tents! I lov'd them well!
My gentle camel too—
And thou, my meek, dark-ey'd gazelle!
How well my voice it knew!
My cruel sire!—all these I've left,
Because my spirit would be free;
Of liberty and love bereft—
Both sold! what is my life to me?”

The big tears down her cheeks have roll'd—
The loud sob rends her breast;
The sorrow by her lips untold
Bursts forth—too long repress.

tribe differs in the mode of singing them. The song is often composed extempore, and relates to the beauty and qualities of the girl who dances.”
—See BURCHARDT'S *Notes*.

Then with a proud and mournful look,
The lovely Fatmé on her gaz'd ;
The crimson glow her face forsook,
While thus her firm sweet voice she rais'd :

“ Leila ! the day is closing in !
Soon must the hated tread
Of those who thought with gifts to win
Our hearts, be hither led.
Speak ! for thou may'st repent thee yet—
Thy fond lamenting's not in vain !
O ! if life cause thee one regret,
Return to Sinai's tents again !

“ Thou wert to-night a destin'd bride,
And in a warrior's grasp
Could'st thou not thine abhorrence hide ?
Rich bracelets he would clasp
Upon thy rounded wrists—content
May yet bring brightness to thy lot ;
Could'st thou be happy in his tent ?
If so—let Fatmé be forgot !

“ Alone I’ll take the fatal leap,
And set my wild heart free ;
Leila ! when silently I sleep,
Shed no salt tears for me !
I’d sooner scatter to the wave,
Or give the winds each mangled limb,
Than be the wedded household slave
Of yon dark chief I hate—*of him !*”

She ceas’d to speak—like diamonds glist’ning
With a deep light intense,
Shone her dark eyes, and Leila list’ning
To her wild eloquence
Felt the sad purpose firmer grown,
And softer thoughts have faded by :
“ Ah, no ! sweet sister ! not *alone !*—
I too, like thee, came here to die !

“ I came ! for they had sternly torn
Young Hassan from my side ;
They would not let me sit forlorn
To weep—but pledg’d me bride—

Not unto one whose name I cherish,
But to his foe—yon tyrant Sheikh!—
One kiss, sweet sister! ere we perish,
But let our last farewell be brief!”

Their ebon ringlets stream'd afar
Upon the mountain gale ;
Twisted together now, they are
Forming one sable veil.
Their arms entwine each other's waist—
Tenderly clinging, as of yore ;
And thus, in lovely links enlac'd,
They leap the crag—are seen no more !

'Tis eve—and long the wedding feast
Has been in pomp prepar'd—
Soon shall those sounds of joy have ceas'd,
And they who would have shar'd
In the gay banquet, seek around,
Their destin'd, their betroth'd, in vain ;
Ne'er shall those victim brides be found,
Or their light forms be seen again !

Fair Arab maids ! ye are at rest !

Your wild hearts knew no bond ;

Ye are at peace—no ties unblest

Can wring your bosoms fond !

“ Hadjár el Benát ” towers above

The bloody grave which made you free ;

And dearly Sinai's children love

“ The Damsels' Rock,” to mourn o'er ye !

O ! HEART OF MINE !

“ What deep wounds ever clos’d without a scar ?
 The heart’s bleed longest, and but heal to wear
 That which disfigures it.”

CHILDE HAROLD.

O ! HEART of mine ! so mournful grown,
 Has joy no voice—has mirth no tone—
 To wake thy silent echoes yet ?
 The festal scene—the dance—the song—
 Those sounds of gladness borne along,
 Charm me no more !—I must forget !

I must forget ! but O ! my heart !
 How shall thy memories depart ?
 How shall I strip thy haunted shrine,
 Where all things rich and lovely dwell ?
 I’ve hid them in that lonely cell,
 And undisturb’d, they still are mine !

I could not part with them in death,
Mingled with life, and hope, and breath,
I bear them through this weary strife,
Where all are struggling to be blest,
But find not here their spirits' rest—
I bear them on !—they are my life !

The vanish'd dreams of love and youth ;—
Th' unshaken trust in others' truth—
The mind which spurn'd the cold world's thrall ;
Bright hopes, and fond imaginings,
And heav'nward thoughts with eagle wings,
Lie garner'd there—in safety all !

And when unheeded springs the tear,
And no congenial bosom near,
Whispers a sympathizing word ;
Inly we turn—for there, no change
Can make us feel how stern and strange
All outward things seem to us here !

O ! heart of mine ! the task is vain !
Wear not the mask of mirth again !

The quivering lip smiles wanly yet,
And with its trembling laughter still
The bitter tones of anguish thrill—
Strive, strive no more—thou must forget!

THE SLUMBERER.

“ Qu’un songe au ciel m’enlève,
 Que plein d’ombre et d’amour
 Jamais il ne s’achève,
 Et que la nuit je rêve
 A mon rêve du jour ! ”

VICTOR HUGO.

“ — Quanto piace’ al mondo è breve sogno. ”

PETRARCA.

KIND sleep ! thou bring’st to us all things most cher-
 ish’d—

The friendships and the love of former years ;
 The ardent hopes, which severally have perish’d—
 The dead, whose loss we mourn with bitter tears ;
 Successively, as in a magic glass,
 Before our haunted sight, their shadows pass !

Their shadows pass—and with them many a voice,
 Whose dear familiar music bears a spell,

Bidding the slumberer's cheated sense rejoice ;—

They come ! a tale of other days they tell ;

We dream—are blest ! then waken with a start,—

The bright illusions one by one depart !

One moment ! but one moment !—must I strain

My aching eyes so vainly ?—O, too fast

Ye vanish from the arms that would detain

Your lov'd, your worshipp'd images,—they're past !

I may not now recall them ; all are gone—

Melting like mountain mists—I am *alone* !

But when the midnight taper's dimly burning,

And in deep sleep my weary eyes shall close,

Then shall the phantoms of the past, returning,

Steal round the pillow of my soft repose ;

And many a treasur'd memory shall roll

Back, in clear living waves, upon my soul !

Perhaps in festal dance, or laugh, or song,

Fancy may bear us on, in blithesome cheer,—

Again we mingle in the brilliant throng,

And fairy music charms our list'ning ear ;

Then, sudden comes a change ! and discord flings
Her inharmonious fingers on the strings !

Before the shrinking sight, in dark array,

She brings th' unwelcome forms of pain and grief !
O ! rouse thee, slumberer ! rouse thyself, and pray
For calmer influences to give relief ;
Ye blessed angels ! guardians of our rest !
Avert from sleep all reveries unblest !

Banish pale Terror thence, and secret dread,

And Fear, and Disappointment's icy chill !
But round the couch where lies my weary head
Let Faith, and hopes of heaven hover still !
And benedictions from the lips most dear,
In thrilling echoes linger on the ear !

Bring me the forms whom death has torn away !

Those, who have left a sorrowing band on earth ;
Command their lov'd and fleeting shades to stay—
They, who once gladden'd our forsaken hearth !
Faintly those well-known features still we trace—
They brighter grow—then fade from our embrace !

These passionate fond yearnings—are they vain?

Alas ! they are ! yet fancy can recall

In vivid imagery the cherish'd train,

Who still exist in love's unfading thrall :

The chang'd, the sever'd, the belov'd of yore—

These, haunted sleep ! thy magic can restore !

Mysterious pow'r ! through thee we yet may steal

Something from the stern grasp of ruthless Fate !

We soothe our stricken hearts with the unreal,

And slumber makes us feel less desolate.

Too many tears have sprinkled memory's urn—

But to the dreamer all her joys return !

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

“ Ye weep ! and it is well !
For tears befit earth’s partings ! ”

MRS. HEMANS.

MOTHER ! sweet mother ! why weep you now ?
Let me kiss the sadness from your brow !
Sunshine is gilding the fair green earth—
My heart leaps up with a pulse of mirth ;
Hush all your weary cares to sleep—
Mother ! sweet mother ! why do you weep ?

Look on these starry flow’rs so sweet—
I sought them out, with my eager feet ;
When the sun rose—I was up as soon,
Lest their delicate hues should fade at noon ;
The early dews still their perfumes steep—
Are they not lovely ?—O ! do not weep !

The world is so beautiful and bright !
Canst thou not share in *my* young delight ?
I heard the birds carolling in their glee—
And I was so happy !—I wish'd *for thee* !
But thy cheek is wan—and thy step is slow—
Mother ! sweet mother ! why weep you so ?

I weep, my child ! for the days are near
When thy mother's step shall no more be here—
I weep ! for the shadow is o'er me now,
Which soon must throw gloom on thy radiant brow.
I am bound for a dim and distant shore,
Whence my faint voice will greet thine ear no more ;
But I go to a lovelier world than this—
A realm of eternal beauty and bliss !
Thither thou'lt follow me, when I am gone—
Let us pray that the bright goal may be won ;
Think on my bidding, when I shall sleep—
Look on *me*, dearest—I do not weep !

AFFECTION.

. Strong affection
 Contends with all things, and o'ercometh all things.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THERE is a power valued most,
 Where pleasure's deepest draughts will pall—
 The sweetest solace life can boast,
 Cherish'd as loveliest by all!
 Affection ! None disown the charms
 That in her silver accents lie—
 The tone of melting love, which warms
 E'en thy chill bosom—Apathy !

Sweet spirit ! When the fading brow
 And cheek tell of hard struggles past
 And anguish rends the heart—'tis thou
 That leadest us to peace at last !

Peace never found in pleasure's path,
Full of enchantment though it be !
The choicest balm existence hath,
Affection ! is bound up in thee !

If ever she become thy guest,
O ! never let her step depart !
But like the dove within her nest,
Press her as closely to thy heart !
For *true* affection is the shrine
In which all earthly joys reside—
And, if that “ pearl of price ” be thine,
What is *the world* to thee beside ?

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

THE world its glittering spells may throw
 Upon the dazzled mind,
Awhile we court the transient glow
 Such treasures leave behind !
Awhile, perhaps, the whisper'd praise
 Of crowds may be our pride,
We live in vanity's dark ways,
 And know no joys beside !

But tell me—can the proud displays
 Of all the great and gay—
The flatt'ring throng, the voice of praise,
 Steal one real care away ?
The blandishments of pomp and power
 May dazzle—but may sear !
O ! sweeter far the quiet hour,
 With those the heart holds dear !

The interchange of mind and thought,
From words and fancies free,
Those days with soft communion fraught,
They are the days for me !
Let others seek in gaudy state,
Their dreams of ideal bliss ;
I ask no greater boon from fate,
No lot more fair than *this* !



SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE JOYS OF HOME.

THE joys of home ! the joys of home !

Oh ! many are the ties,
The thousand pleasant memories,
Woke by the name of home !

Home ! 'tis a word that breathes around,
A sweet and soothing spell !
Past hours that we remember well,
Are present at that sound.

They haunt us still—those scenes of joy !
The bright hopes of our youth ;
The childish glee which was, in truth,
Pleasure without alloy !

Go ! search the proud and princely dome,
Where crowds feign to be gay !

Ask of their bliss—then turn away,
Back to thy peaceful home !

Back to the well-remember'd spotl,
So cherish'd in thy mind,
Back to the simple and the kind,
Where cold deceit is not !

Where dark mistrust shall never come,
And hearts are true and warm ;
And love has thrown its holiest charm,
Around the name of home !

FAIRY HOPES.

Fairy hopes! untimely blighted! whither—whither
are ye gone?

Ye have faded as sweet flowers fade—in the absence of
the sun!

The garden but a joyless waste appears without your
bloom,

And thus my heart is withering, in darkness and in
gloom.

But soon the lovely spring will come, and breathing
life and light,

Earth's blossoms will seem doubly sweet—her beauties
doubly bright!

Will not the soul's "spring-time" revive? Ah, no!
we vainly yearn

For the blissful hopes so deeply dear—they never can
return!

'T WAS BUT A DREAM !

'T WAS but a dream ! and yet I heard
 My name in accents clear,
 Nam'd by those lips, whose lightest word
 Is music to mine ear !
 Oh thou !—so lov'd—so justly dear !
 Would thou wert here—would thou wert here !

'T was but a dream ! and yet methought
 I knew that silvery tone,
 With all affection's sweetness fraught,
 Calling on me alone !
 Oh thou !—so lov'd—so justly dear !
 Would thou wert here—would thou wert here !

Each pleasure I once deem'd so great,
 Now cold and joyless seems—

Without thee I am desolate—

Come to me still in dreams.

Oh thou !—so lov'd—so justly dear !

Would thou wert here—would thou wert here !

THE SONGS OF PAST DAYS.

O MUSIC! in thy eloquent charm,
 A magic power lies,
 Which seems to spring, ever fresh and warm,
 From the heart's mysteries.
 The songs of past days—a faint, low tone,
 Remember'd perhaps for years,
 And long unheard.—O! who has not known
 Some strain which wakes their tears?

We listen!—how dim the present grows
 Before our mental gaze;
 And nought seems real, save the joys or woes,
 Which mark'd our early days!
 We listen! those well known sounds enthral
 Our souls in a sweet pain—
 They're hush'd!—and realities recall
 To busy life again!

“ I LOVE TO BE ALONE ! ”

I LOVE to be alone
 When the days of mirth are gone !
 When sorrow weighs me down,
 I love to be alone !

I love to be alone
 When my heart is sad and dreary—
 When faint, and low, and weary
 I love to be alone !

I would not be alone,
 When with buoyant step of glee,
 Earth seems like Paradise to me
 And ev'ry joy my own !

When all my cares are flown,
 And life seems one bright dream,
 If I float down pleasure's stream—
 O ! it could not be *alone* !

THE NAME.

WHEN starting from my broken rest,
Some word my fond lips frame,
Which in my dreams hath made me blest,
That, dearest ! is thy Name !
Sweetly it makes my bosom thrill,
To feeling's tenderest tone—
In crowds, alone, 'tis with me still !
Yes, dearest ! 'tis thine own !

When cold and still this heart shall be
Which throbs so wildly now—
And death asserts his victory,
And marks the pallid brow.
When murmur'd is the final pray'r,
Should they ope this heart of mine,
The Name most deeply graven there,
My dearest ! would be thine !

They'd lay me in my darksome cell,
And thou would'st sadly weep,
For her who lov'd thee once so well,
Sunk in the last, long sleep !
But, though death awhile should sever,
My spirit would be brightly free,
I would hover round thee, dearest, ever !
And fondly watch o'er thee !

THE DESERTED HOME.

THEY are past and gone !
Those days that were so glad and bright !
They are past and gone !
Too rapid was their flight !
These lonely halls no echoes fill,
Of the youthful tones, whose gladsome sound
Once made these walls with joy resound—
I listen!—all is still !

Ah ! whither have they wandered ?
Those gay young groups that us'd to come
Around the threshold of my home ?
Ah ! whither have they fled ?
Some now are roaming o'er the sea,
Some dwell apart in foreign climes,
Who fondly think on those old times—
Far—far away from me !

They are past and gone !

Those days that were so glad and bright,
Can we call back *one* ?

Ah, never !—would we might !

The mem'ries of our early years,
Shall hallow still this cherish'd spot—

And hopes, though faded, ne'er forgot,
Whose light is quench'd in tears !

“ I KNOW NOT WHY ! ”

I KNOW not why !—but oft a deep gloom shading,
Steals o’er my gayest mood—my happiest hours—
The glory from my ardent soul is fading—
A tempest withers Hope’s reviving flow’rs !

I know not why !

I know not why !—but oft, when laughter thrilling
Leaves its light echo joyously behind—
Tears, from their secret fount mine eyes are filling,
I shudder ! as the leaf shakes in the wind !

I know not why !

Do I not know ?—can fate her stern course alter ?
Are they not shadows of the brightness gone,
Which make the fond heart faint—the red lip falter ?
Leaving me mournful memories alone !

They tell me why !

THE LIGHT FAREWELL.

She. "Oh! whither? whither away, love!

To thy home o'er yon dark sea?

Hast thou no farewell to say, love—

No parting word for me?"

He. "Adieu! we meet no more—perchance

Thou'lt not remember long

Who claim'd thee oftenest in the dance,

Whose gay voice join'd thy song!

See my bark is bounding over,

The foaming billows white!

Fair girl!—thou must lose thy lover!

I quit these shores to-night."

She. “ Since thou must cross the deep, fair love !

Since thus thou bid’st ‘ good bye,’

Thou shalt not see me weep, false love !

Nor hear one parting sigh !

O ! remember the sunny hours

Which have so swiftly flown,

Yet, dream not in Clara’s bow’rs,

That Clara droops alone !

Go ! faithless rover ! wild and free,

And fickle as the wind,

To thy home o’er the changeful sea,

Thou of the changeful mind !

“ And yet, in sad truth, I could love—

Have given my heart to thee ;

But I knew thy changeful mood, love—

’Twas a talisman for me !

Light faith—light constancy, I trow,

Each to the other gave—

Ah ! well I deemed thy fleeting vow

Was written in the wave !

The wave may bear thee hence—away!

Ours was a transient spell!

Adieu! I would not have thee stay,

Take back thy “light farewell!”

A WEARINESS IS ON ME!

A WEARINESS is on me!—I pine to be alone!
 Free from the gaze of curious eyes—O! for my quiet
 home!

Yon flatt'ring crowd's vain praises—how valueless are
 they!

A weariness is on me!—I long to be away!

A weariness is on me!—but ah! how few can think
 The crystal cup, so richly gemm'd, is poison'd to the
 brink—

Ev'n so—tho' sparkling smiles may hide the anguish of
 my breast—

A weariness is on me!—I would I were *at rest!*

A weariness is on me!—though homage crowns my
 shrine,

And many a glance from kindly eyes, is lighted up by
 mine!

Though flow'rs and incense deck my path, and court
my longer stay,

A weariness is on me ! I pine to be away !

A weariness is on me !—for many a sad regret,

And many a bitter memory are busy with me yet !

In yon gay crowd's cold scrutiny, my heart's deep
thoughts must sleep !

A weariness is on me !—I *must* have time to weep !

THE RIVAL SUITORS.

THE one is young and beautiful,
 The other rich and old !
 This talks to me of his hoarded love,
 That of his hoards of gold !
 Sir Eglamour has lovely eyes
 That do beseech one so—
 But then his coffers are but scant—
 What shall I say ? Heigho !

Sir Hildebrand has fair broad lands,
 And many a lordly hall !
 And trains of servants numberless,
 To hasten at his call !
 Sir Eglamour has little,
 Save his true heart to bestow—
 His name ranks high in honour's list,
 Which shall I choose ? Heigho !

My wealthy suitor brings me store
Of gems and rubies rare—
But Eglamour declares they cannot
Make me look more fair!
And dearer than a diamond mine
To Eglamour I know,
Is one smile from his lady love!
Which shall I choose? Heigho!

E'en as the lady Julie mus'd,
In love's deep reverie,
A gallant knight stept to her bow'r
And bent him on his knee,
“Now—blessings on those kindly words!
Nay! do not tremble so—
Be mine that treasur'd hand and smile!”—
“Take them!” she sigh'd—“Heigho!”

THE FAIRIES' HOME.

To night ! to night ! this very night !

While earthly beings sleep !

By the lovely and pale moonlight

Our revelries we'll keep !

No mortal footstep dare intrude

Our haunts of fairy glee !

This sweet and radiant solitude,

To us alone is free !

Where the dew-drops by thousands lie,

In glist'ning splendour dight !

There we shall foot it merrily,

In gallant trim to night !

Where sing the nightingale and thrush,

And zephyrs gently sigh,

Where the bright crystal fountains gush

Our elfin court's held by !

Haste! away to enchanted ground!

Drink from the full acorn!

Did ye not hear the blast he wound?

'Twas Oberon's magic horn!

From the charm'd goblet we shall sip,

That makes delight our own!

Ne'er was it touch'd by mortal lip—

The happy Fay's alone!

Nightly we hold our festival,

Beneath the oaken shade—

The little glow-worm lights our hall

Of moss the carpet's made!

A bright troop to the banquet come;

Each in his em'rald vest!

Oh! lovely is our fairy home!

And none like us are blest!

THE NORMAN BATTLE SONG.

“The exclamation “Aux Fils des Preux!” was used to encourage young knights to emulate the glories of their ancestors, and to do nothing unworthy the noble title given them. In many instances it was attended with the most animating consequences.—See note in *MONSTRELET’S Chronicles*, vol. i. page 254.

Aux Fils des Preux! Ye sons of Fame!

Think of your fathers’ ashes now—

Fight! for the honour of your name—

Fight! for your valiant sires laid low!

“Aux fils des Preux!”

Aux Fils des Preux!—red be your swords

With many a crimson battle stain!

Fight on! ye noble knights and lords,

Stay not to count the warlike slain!

“Aux Fils des Preux!”

Aux Fils des Preux !—from many a heart

The silent prayer now is breathing,

Who, with fond hopes saw ye depart—

Fair hands the victor's crown are wreathing—

“Aux Fils des Preux !”

Aux Fils des Preux !—On ! soldiers on !

Your blades are keen—your courage strong !

Soon shall the conqueror's meed be won,

And triumph swell our battle song !

“Aux Fils des Preux !”

THE BARON TO HIS STEED.

THE banquet is spread, and the red wine pour'd,
And my vassals are ready to meet their lord !
In the heat of the chase, those who miss'd their track
Must find their own way to the castle back ;
I may not, to seek the missing, stay—
Then on ! my brave courser ! away, away !

Gallop on ! gallop on ! thro' the rushing wind !
We must leave the Black Forest far behind ;
Careering along, in the murky sky,
The Wild Huntsmen, and Phantom pack, sweep by !
But woe to the chieftain who joins their halloo !
Gallop on ! gallop on ! from that fearful crew.

Through many a hard-fought battle won,
My gallant Barb ! thou hast borne me on ;

And a fierce delight has possest my brain,
As we trampled o'er heaps of the fallen slain ;
But I war not with demon foes—my steed,
Then away !—there is joy in thy winged speed !

For I know how an anxious heart and eye
Are watching the sound of thy hoof-prints nigh !
Now—start not aside while I blow a blast
Shall warn the belov'd one, I come at last !
Hurry on ! o'er the drawbridge !—my noble steed,
There's triumph and joy in thy winged speed !

SONG.

THEY say that absence has an art
 To steal affection's warmth away—
 That passion's thralldom brings the heart
 To worse than premature decay!
 Alas! what feelings run to waste,
 Which worldly wisdom must condemn—
 Which have a sort of heavenly taste—
 A touch of Paradise in them!

'Tis true! time's sure but silent spell
 May banish idle hopes and fears!
 But time nor absence can dispel
 The sweet, fond dreams of early years.
 Link'd with our souls in freshness still
 The brightest gems in mem'ry's zone;
 'Tis *something!* alter as we will,
 To call those precious dreams *our own!*

WHAT IS THAT SOUND?

WHAT is that sound which heavily falls

Upon the unwilling ear?

Which, from the heart's deep cavern calls

The sigh, and the bursting tear?

What is that sound?—O *ye* can tell,

Who have felt the grief of that word, Farewell!

There's no glad meeting unalloy'd

By its sad and frequent smart!

Who but hath felt the aching void

When cherish'd friends depart?

What is that sound?—O *ye* can tell,

Who have known the grief of that word, Farewell!

And bitter is the parting hour

When those who love must sever!

The clouds which dark around them lour

May cast their gloom for ever!

Yet the heart lives on in that mournful spell,
And sadly thrilling, echoes back, "Farewell!"

And when bright eyes are dim with woe,
And the fair cheek pale and wan
With sorrow's marks!—O well we know
Some dear lov'd one is gone!
Why are they drooping?—O ye can tell,
Who have felt the grief of that word, "Farewell!"

The last farewell! 'tis a dreary thought
For the mourners who remain;
Yet a hope is left with blessing fraught—
We know we shall meet again,
In a bright world where no partings dwell,
And there is no sound of that word, "Farewell!"

THE YOUTHFUL PAGE.

THE rose has left thy cheek, young page !

The tear is in thine eye !

The fatal truth is *known*, young page—

Thou canst not choose but die.

A stripling as thou wert in name,

Ah ! woman's love was thine ;

And thou hast barter'd peace and fame

For this sweet dream of thine !

Thou hadst a precious gem, young page—

One begg'd it on his knee ;

Thou gav'st that gem *away*, young page !

And *now* ! he scorneth thee !

And didst thou dream that plume would hide

Thy bright long auburn hair ?

Thy snow-white bosom's swelling pride

Betray'd the secret there.

Away, away ! thou lovely page !

When woman's fame is gone,

O ! *what* can make her wish, young page,

For life to linger on ?

Those brilliant eyes with tears are dim,

Pale grows thy drooping brow !

Thy sunny home was left, *for him*—

But he forsakes thee now !

And thou must wear thy life away

In penitence and pray'r ;

Poor breaking heart ! will it survive

Thy shame, and thy despair ?

O no ! thy spirit ne'er could brook

His chill averted eye !

His careless mien—his alter'd look—

Thou canst not choose but *die* !

THE COQUETTE.

I KNOW thee at last ! then, Enchantress !

I thank thee for breaking the spell !

Cold and fickle thou provest, and heartless—

Unmov'd thou hast heard my farewell !

Ill-fated is he, who distrusting

The tale of thy blandishments light,

His bosom implicitly trusting,

Too late finds the truth in its blight.

But, skill'd as thou art in coquetry,

Thou may'st tamper too often—beware !

Whilst weaving fresh fetters for vict'ry,

Thyself may'st fall into a snare !

Thou art not *worth* regret ! soft deceiver !

Go ! boast the success of thy wiles—

I care not who turns thy believer—

I care not who feast on thy smiles.

I have found thee a mere simulation—

I see thy cold policy now ;

Seek elsewhere the fond adulation

Thy arts led me once to bestow !

O woman ! too oft we impeach thee,

And wound by suspicions unkind ;

'Tis the pang we *have* felt in thy treach'ry

Leaves doubt and dark mistrust behind !

'Twill be long ere the thought of thy falseness

Lose aught of its anguish and pain ;

But *now*, all thy witch'ry were pow'rless—

The cheated return not again !

Fare thee well ! fare thee well ! there are many

Willing slaves, easy dupes may remain ;

Few will love thee so madly ! (if any !)

But I thank thee for breaking the chain !

THE FALSE ONE.

WHEN he said that he'd adore me,
 Could I think that he deceiv'd?
 I might smile at his fond flattery—
 Yet those vows were believ'd!
 But now! thou hast been faithless,
 Thy triumph is o'er!
 I know of all thy falseness!
 I'll see thee no more!

They bade me to beware of thee—
 The false, and the untrue!
 They warn'd me how my fate would be—
 That fate which now I rue!
 Fickle heart! and could such worship be
 A mockery vain!
 Go—think not that I weep for thee—
 Such grief I'll disdain!

Yes! another's is the loveliness
Thou hast call'd "more divine!"
She hath beauty that can deeper bless
Glances brighter far than mine!
The perjur'd oaths thou hast spoken,
Seek not to renew!
Thy faith to me is broken—
Now, false one! adieu!

The music of this ballad is in the possession of Mr. Mori, by whom it was published in his "Musical Gem," of 1832.

THE NUN

LISTEN ! to the convent bell !

Mournfully pealing on

'Tis the fair nun's fun'ral knell !

A broken heart is gone !

Now peace be with thee, weary one ! thy spirit's
strife is past !

They bear thee to the quiet grave ! there softly sleep
at last !

In the holy vesper hymn

Her silvery voice would float ;

But its echoes soon grew dim !

Despair had chang'd each note !

Its melody is hush'd in death—the bosom, grief op-
prest,

Has sunk beneath its heavy weight !—at length she
is at rest !

She was forc'd to be a nun !

The plighted love of years
By ambition was undone ;—

Vain were all her pleading tears !

But mem'ry was too faithful, and those blighted
hopes too dear !

She wither'd in her cloister'd cell !—they bear her on
her bier !

THE FADED FLOWER.

Lines adapted to an air of Weber's.

'Tis ever thus ! the young and fair,
 The beautiful and bright—
 They are *the first* to bid despair
 Cloud all our hopes in night.
 How oft I've kiss'd her sunny brow,
 And clasp'd her hand in mine !
 Angel on earth !—an angel now
 In purer worlds to shine !
 Torn from us in untimely hour—
 Peace to thee !—peace ! my faded flow'r !

I've hung upon her gentle tone—
 Her slumbers I have blest ;
 Little I dreaded then, my Own !
This, for thy place of rest !

In awe—together we have gaz'd
On the bright stars at even !
And kindred aspirations rais'd
Our loving souls to heaven !
Torn from us in untimely hour—
Peace to thee ! peace !—my faded flow'r !

I saw thee in my dream at night—
I heard thy voice in sleep ;
It whisper'd—There ! in realms of light—
There thou wilt never weep !
Through life—in faith—go ! struggle on,
A wilderness of tears ;
But there, we meet in bliss, my Own !
Through everlasting years !

I'LL NEVER BRAID MY HAIR AGAIN.

I'LL never braid my hair again

With those sweet flow'rs he lov'd !

Ah ! why was I so weak and vain

When he the wreath approv'd ?

I'll never wear that sparkling stone

He said my eyes made dim ;

'Twas flattery ! and yet I own

It *seem'd* not so from him !

The page whereon he bade me look

I hastily throw by ;

Yet, when I close that little book,

How heavily I sigh !

The melodies—the books—the flow'rs—

Which by-gone joys recall,

Bring back sad dreams of those bright hours !

I must reject them all !

Ah! never more shall each fond word
Lie treasur'd in my heart!
I must forget I ever heard
Tones, in which love had part.
I will not court more flow'rs to twine—
More hopes my course to deck!
A *lonely* path in life be mine—
My bosom is a wreck!

And did'st thou know, unthinking one,
How bitterly they grieve,
Who trust in one dear hope alone—
And find *that* trust deceive!
How, when the heart's *first* hope is gone
All other pleasures fade;
Thou would'st not lightly triumph on
The ruin thou hast made!

WHERE ART THOU NOW ?

WHERE art thou now ? in festal halls,
 Where rich light o'er the scene is shining ?
 While melody thy heart enthralls,
 And pleasure round each sense is shining ?

Where art thou now ?

Is the low murmur of thy love
 To beauty's listening ear appealing ?
 Is her soft chain about thee wove ?
 And is there *triumph* in that feeling ?

Where art thou now ?

Or art thou, where the red wine pour'd
 In gay forgetfulness is steeping
 Each guest, at lux'ry's courtly board,
 Who noisy vigils late are keeping ?

Where art thou now ?

Perhaps thy low, sweet voice is heard
Where listening circles near, are praising
Tones, by rich harmony conferr'd?
Are there not bright eyes on thee gazing?
Where art thou now ?

I know not *what* thy fate may be,
Nor what thy young life's stirring part ;
But the heart's blessing dwells with thee—
Its fond, deep pray'rs, *where'er* thou art
Ever !—and now !

A SUMMER FAREWELL.

SUMMER ! farewell ! with a reluctant gaze
 I watch thy graceful steps' receding tread—
 Thy bright hues bring me thoughts of other days—
 Thoughts of the lov'd—the distant—and the dead !

The dead ! can aught that savours of decay
 Be waken'd by such loveliness as *thine* ?
 While yet thou lingerest, summer, on thy way,
 Shall we heap *mournful* off'rings on thy shrine ?

Sweet communings, and aspirations high,
 Towards that heav'n which is our spirit's *home* ;
 And the rich treasures of fond memory
 Thrill me, as thro' this glorious world I roam.

There *was* a time when gladder thoughts would rise,
 And transport glow'd within the sanguine breast ;
 There dwelt a power in thy azure skies
 Could lull each pang of wild regret to rest !

But never more for me—ah ! never more !

Com'st thou with song, with laughter, and with
mirth ;

These may be with thee—but not as of *yore*,

When hope and fancy deified the earth !

There is a sadness in the summer's bloom—

An omen in its waning glory dwells—

To beauty and to bliss the common doom :

And *what* that doom, the mourner's bosom tells !

Where are the graceful forms that used to spring

O'er the green turf, and hail each opening rose ?

Where the sweet voices which were wont to sing

In the cool shades which tempted our repose ?

O ! *some* are hush'd for ever—one is gone

Far, far away from suffering and care ;

And still, the cherish'd image of that one

Throws its deep shadow over all things fair.

He is—where earth's bright sunshine would look dim ;

He is—where never fading flowers bloom ;

He joins with angels in their ceaseless hymn ;
He is—(be still my heart!)—within *the tomb* !

But ever, while the gorgeous sun is shining,
And like a festal scene the earth appears,
All light and beauty ! *then*, weak nature pining,
Fills my sad soul with grief—my eyes with tears !

'Tis not for *thee* I weep—thou blessed one !
I would not, if I might, recall thee back !
'Tis joy to think *thy* pilgrimage is done—
Yet O ! we miss thee in *our* pilgrim track !

We miss thy tones of warm affection greeting—
The calm benignity upon thy brow—
Thy voice—thy smile ! but O ! we shall be meeting
Where *thou*—beloved spirit!—dwest *now* !

LEAVE ME !

LEAVE me, O ! leave me ! thou who coldly
 Gazest on my grief and tears ;
 Turn from me now—forget me wholly—
 What to *thy* mind are former years ?
 Thou seest I still can smile, and borrow
 Fashion's mask, and mirth's light tone ;
 O ! well they know their part, whom sorrow
 Long has destin'd for her own !

Tempt me no more—forbear ! though kindly
 Those deep earnest eyes may look
 On the worn heart which lov'd so blindly—
 Think'st thou their calmness I can brook ?
 Withdraw that mournful glance, whose sadness
 Tells of the vanish'd dreams of yore—
 I would not dim *thy* spirit's gladness—
 Leave me ! and let us meet no more.

If, where the merry laugh is ringing,

My forc'd glee sound hoarse and strange—

Think of the pangs my mem'ry wringing :

Sigh ! but mock not at the change !

Let other lips upbraid my weakness,

From their taunts I may not flee !

O ! I can bear reproach with meekness—

But 'twould madden me *from thee* !

THE GYPSY'S GRAVE.

The custom of strewing flowers on the graves of their dead is very prevalent among the Gypsies to this day.

WE bear thee to thy rest—
 Wild heart! be still!
 Brother—above thy breast
 The daffodil
 And violet's sweet breath shall bloom!
 Bring flow'rs to deck the Gypsy's tomb!

In thy soft mother earth,
 Now sweetly sleep!
 Wand'rer, who from thy birth
 With love (as deep
 As woman feels) did'st fondly hold
 Fair nature's realm—sleep! calm and cold!

No formal rites are ours—

We give thee tears—

We strew thy grave with flow'rs !

And through long years,

Till each shall meet his hour of doom,

We'll hang bright garlands on thy tomb !

Farewell ! bold heart and true !

Thy course is sped ;

Bring blossoms bath'd in dew !

Turf for thy bed !

May peace with thy freed spirit dwell !

Now to our tents !—farewell ! farewell !

THY NAME IS A FORGOTTEN SOUND.

THY name is a forgotten sound,
 (Thy name which *was* a household tone !)
 Amidst the happy forms around,
 One sad heart thinks of thee alone.
 With downcast eye and burning cheek,
That "name" from stranger tongues she hears ;
 Blesses the lips thy praise which speak—
 Then turns away to hide her tears !

Mark they the joy which flush'd her brow—
 Her quick and agitated start ?
 Unconsciously, they leave her now,
 Whose words breath'd rapture to her heart !
 Bright tho' her sudden smiles may gleam,
 Like sunshine on a drooping flow'r,
 Reviving its faint hues—none dream
 The secret charm of that sweet hour !

Ah no ! for none remember thee !

Thou ! who in each familiar scene

Wert wont to share our grief or glee—

Thou art ! as if thou *ne'er* had'st been !

But deep as sealed waters sleep,

Mysterious, bound in rocky chains—

So sacredly one heart will keep

Thy memory while life remains !

THE BRIDAL DAY.

Now strew bright flow'rs along their path!—the rose
and myrtle wreath—

And let the young bride's fairy foot feel no sharp
thorns beneath !

Her fondest hopes are all fulfill'd!—the lov'd one by
her side !

Are they not beautiful and blest—the bridegroom
and his bride ?

Rich jewels glitter through her veil, and deck her
braided hair,

And tears are glist'ning in her eyes—but *tears of joy*
they are !

And timidly she clings to him with meek affection's
pride ;

Are they not beautiful and blest—the bridegroom
and his bride ?

The brilliant train have all swept by—the graceful
pair are gone—

The loud acclaim is hush'd, yet still those merry
bells ring on ;

And as the gather'd crowd disperse, how many turn
aside

To praise the beautiful and blest—the bridegroom
and his bride !

But *he* ! his thoughts are far away ! with one he lov'd
of yore,

Whose wasted heart made desolate, can never blos-
som more !

And sorrow wrings his bosom now—a pang which
he must hide—

Yet the “Forsaken” prays *for them*—the bridegroom
and his bride !

THE DESERTED ITALIAN.

A young Englishman travelling abroad, secretly married a beautiful Italian singer; brought her to England, and after a time forsook her, leaving her to support herself by the exercise of her native talent.

WHEN eager circling crowds come round me

To listen to my voice and lute,

How spiritless of late they've found me !

Alas! my stricken heart is mute.

Not thus it was, when he was near me,

To cheer me with his ardent gaze ;

I heeded not who came to hear me—

I only heard *his* whisper'd praise !

But, dear one ! thou'rt away, who only

Could'st wake the magic of my song—

Thou'rt gone—and I am sad and lonely !

I cannot charm yon list'ning throng,

Their flatt'ring words fall now unnoted,
Upon my cold and careless ear—
Those accents soft on which it doted,
Alas!—I never more shall hear!

For, oh! by many a mournful token
I know the dream of hope is gone!
I feel that lovely spell is broken,
Yet must life heavily wear on—
Forgetting that I ever saw thee—
Forgetting that I was thine own,
I must perform my weary journey
And tread my joyless path *alone!*

The melodies which once, so gladly,
We used to warble in our glee
Are records, now, alas! too sadly,
Reminding me of love—and *thee!*
When shall our voices mingle?—never!
When shall thy blessed form be nigh?
I fear that thou art gone for ever,
And all my music is—a *sigh.*

Proudly the English stranger bore me
From Italy's sweet sunny clime ;
He came !—would he might now restore me
The freshness of that happy time !
Ere I had known neglect or sorrow—
So fondly woo'd—so dearly won !
Cold northern hearts ! how well ye borrow
The faint tints of your wintry sun !

Too like your climate's transient glory,
The fleeting splendour of your noon,
As brief with you, is passion's story—
'Tis told, and all forgot as soon.
And *thou*, who in thy truth could'st falter—
Thou, who hast coldly left my side—
Teach me, (like thee !) to change and alter—
To spurn thee—and thyself deride !

When I am number'd with the dying,
Where will my fondest yearnings be ?
When, pale and cold, my form is lying,
Will not my last thoughts be *of thee* ?

Of thee—of thee—who left me lonely,
 Ev'n in the spring-time of my youth !
Yet who wert still ador'd, as only
 Those may have known, whose love is truth.

Thou wert mine own !—why didst thou leave me,
 Whose being blest my spirit's life ?
Of its sweet light thou didst bereave me—
 And hope expir'd in sorrow's strife.
Thou didst condemn me to the anguish
 Of a dark, blasted, joyless course—
Still in the chains of grief to languish,
 And death alone those bonds may force.

Star of my fate—ah, then—how fading
 Will thy dim, worshipp'd radiance seem,
Through mists my closing eyelids shading,
 When life appears one brief wild dream—
But changeless the deep recollection
 Of the long-past which seal'd my doom—
Surely the records of affection,
 Triumph o'er death—survive the tomb !

Return!—*where* wilt thou e'er discover

A faith like mine, so sorely tried?

Return—return!—inconstant lover!

Poor Agnes will forget to chide.

Her soul, though wrung by thy unkindness,

And well nigh madden'd by its pain,

Shall yet look on thy guilt with blindness;

Return—beloved one—again!

THE LONELY HEART.

DARE they condemn thee?—must my spirit's life
 Be wither'd by the cold world's careless blame?
 O love and scorn! yours is a fearful strife,
 And dark and sad the victory ye claim!
 Leave—leave in peace affection's ruin'd shrine!
 Spare the fond relics which may still remain;
 The treasur'd gems which now so dimly shine,
 Tarnish'd and soil'd by time, and sorrow's stain!

I do not blame thee! though my faint heart sink
 Beneath the weight of censure heap'd on thee—
 Though thou hast cast aside each broken link
 Which bound thee ere thy chained heart was free
 I will not blame thee!—'tis my mournful pride
 To keep thy fame untouch'd by idle breath!
 All may upbraid—and thy light errors chide!
 'Tis mine to bless thee still in life or death!

O ! let me weep awhile ! My lonely heart
Is haunted by sad thoughts of other days,
When those who lov'd me, dwelt upon *thy* worth,
And brought me gladness, speaking in *thy* praise !
Round thy bright form a holy spell was thrown
By hope and love—the guardians of our youth !
But now, for ever, their sweet light is flown !
They faded, when Fate wreck'd *thy* bosom's truth !

And thou art chang'd !—thy reckless heart is gay ;
'Tis well !—the bitter past should be forgot ;
'Tis wise !—thy stern resolve should cast away
All mem'ries which may shade thy coming lot !
Yet, if perchance, in pleasure's giddy maze
Some sudden check arrest thy light career ;—
If disappointment cloud thy future days
Think there is one who still esteems thee dear !

One, who is stifling back the heavy sigh,
And smother'd anguish of regret in vain—
The storm is past—the tempest has swept
But their wild signs of havoc still remain !

Whilst thou ! escaping from dark sorrow's thrall,
Hast woo'd new ties—new pleasures to thy breast ;
On thee no scathing influence shall fall—
O ! let it crush my soul—so *thou* art blest !

And if hereafter, in thy happy home,
When fair young children cluster round thy knee,
(Whose tones like music to thine ear shall come,)
Some passing echo wake a thought of me—
Think !—(though we ne'er may meet this side the
grave—
Though our divided path lie far apart,)
Thy grief, *my* woe—*thy* joy, my gladness gave !
And deal thou gently by the “ *Lonely Heart* !”

THE PERISHING AT SEA.

It is a fearful sight!—the ocean waves toss wild and
high!

The winds are howling in their rage, and tempest fills
the sky!

Alas!—full many a gallant bark must low engulfed
be—

Pray for the wand'rer on the deep!—the perishing at
sea!

From distant lands, the exil'd come—for home they
fondly yearn—

O'er the wide watery waste, the lov'd of *many* hearts
return!

O! anxious mothers!—sisters!—*wives*!—this night I
pity ye!

Pray for the wand'rer on the deep!—the perishing at
sea!

“Woman! what dost *thou* here? amidst the fury of
the storm?

Back to thy cottage hearth-fire’s blaze—there guard
thy shrinking form!”

“Away!—dost think that *I* can rest—*I* softly sleep,
while *he*—

My sailor-love is on the deep?—he’s *perishing* at sea!”

Hark!—a wild shriek is rising now above the wailing
blast—

A vessel sinks—O God! their knell—their drowning
cry is past!

Hundreds have found a wat’ry grave!—now, on each
bended knee,

Pray for the wand’rer on the deep!—the *perishing* at
sea!”

THE WIDOWED MOTHER'S PARTING WITH HER SON.

AND must I part from thee so soon?—my beautiful—
my own!

Life will have slender charms to boast, when *thou*, the
chief, art gone :

Where shall I hide my loneliness?—where rest my
aching head—

How brush away the bitter tears for thee, I vainly
shed?

Oh ! many hopes that I had fondly nurs'd, have past
away—

And one bright dream—life's dream of bliss, more pre-
cious e'en than they—

But they were gone—and thou wast more than all to
me, most dear !—

And yet—and yet, my darling boy !—thou wilt not
long be here.

There are as noble forms 'tis true—eyes, that as
brightly shine—

But *none* that kindle with the glad intensity of thine !
Not long upon that joyous face, *my* mournful glance
may dwell—

And *must* I part with thee, my own?—how shall I
say, farewell?—

Yet go!—and Heaven guide thy steps! and glory
mark thy path!

Thy heart will never own a thought, save that which
virtue hath—

Go forth!—the fortunate and brave!—Go! though
with thee depart

The pride of our ancestral halls—the joy of thy mo-
ther's heart!

THE CHANGE.

WHERE gaily in our jasmine bowers,
We laugh'd and sung before,
We wander midst the summer flowers,
But feel not as of yore.
It may be that some baleful blight
Has paled their blossoms fair?
O no!—as star-like, fresh and bright,
Those hues as once they were—
As merrily the blackbird sings,
And warblers fill the grove,
The rustle of a thousand wings
Cleaves the blue sky above!
The queen-like rose in blushing pride
Looks up to win our glance,
Whose buds their virgin beauties hide—
Whilst in the sun-beams dance

Myriads of insect revellers,
Who live their little day—
And not a blade of grass which stirs
But seems elate and gay !
Oh ! if these spells no gladness blend—
No fond delight impart,
The change is in thy heart, sweet friend !
The change is in *thy heart* !

My heart *is* chang'd—yet do not deem
That change, or cold, or stern—
I would not chase one summer dream
From minds where they return.
Mine own !—it *was* a glorious shrine,
With glowing rapture fraught—
Still nature's gifts as brightly shine,
Upon the world of thought.
But, oh ! not as in earlier years,
Such transport now is given ;
Time brings us chilling draughts of tears—
And vainly they have striven,

Who would retain the *first* rich glow,
 Bathing the soul in light—
Care's finger-mark is on our brow,
 And dims our aching sight.

The world seem'd once *too* beautiful—
 I worshipp'd it too much—
My cup of joy was all too full—
 And sorrow humbles such!
But think not I would now rebel—
 Reject its bitter leaven!—
We may not love this earth so well—
 But dearer far is heaven!

THE MOURNER IN A FESTIVE SCENE.

THE lamps are lit—and rosy garlands wreathing,
 Clasp the rich hangings of the pillar'd hall !
 Glad strains are pealing on ! and perfumes breathing,
 Fill the soft air ; while *Pleasure !* at thy call
 A troop of revellers are quickly thronging—
 The young and lovely—to thy temple's shrine—
 And surely, none to that gay train belonging
 Have ever own'd a heavier sway than *thine ?*

Trust not the *outward* mien !—Pride's votary—
 The care-worn and the guilty may disguise
 Their hollow glee beneath the imagery
 Of words well feign'd, and smiles which are but *lies !*
 O ! judge not ! 'mongst the crowds thy path sur-
 rounding,
 Seek not the mysteries of their lot to scan—
 Those hidden depths, in mortal hearts abounding,
 Ne'er may be fathom'd by the mind of man !

Dimly may'st thou the bosom's weight discover,
Shrouded amid the busy multitude,
Where various passions, still conflicting, hover ;
'Tis easy there th' inquiring eye t' elude !
Yet, mark, where some with fairy feet are springing,
Whose bounding pulses with enchantment thrill !
Their merry tones, in joyous cadence ringing,
Fresh and untir'd—Nature's glad children still !

See ! yon pale girl, whose wand'ring gaze is dwelling
So mournfully upon the festive scene !
Her thoughts are far away—her mem'ry telling
Of happier hours when *there* her step has been.
When the bright gems amid her ringlets twining
Shone not more brightly than her laughing glance ;
For *One*, whose hand in her's was fondly twining,
Led her in triumph through the mazy dance !

But now—what are those thoughts, whose bitterness
Casts a deep shadow o'er that pensive gaze ?
They speak of a wrung heart !—of loneliness ;
Of yearnings sad and vain for other days !

The echo of a wild farewell is thrilling
Sternly upon her anguish'd mem'ry yet ;
Remember'd tones, her eyes with tears are filling,
Whose gentle kindness she may ne'er forget !

A voice has rous'd her now—see ! crimson blushing,
The tell-tale blood has mounted to her brow ;
Regret must slumber—pride the pang is crushing—
Ah ! what avails despair or weeping now ?
Go mingle with the young, and joyous-hearted !
Go ! learn the idle jest—the ready smile !
Think not upon the lov'd—the lost—the parted—
Tho' some who look on thee, may say the while—

“ Thou ! with the voice of mirth !
Whose startling laughter on the ear is pealing,
Thou canst have never known one sadden'd feeling,
Gay child of earth !

“ Thou ! of the haughty brow !
And eyes, whose lightning splendour speak the soul !
Whose eagle-spirit mocks at Care's control,
How blest art thou !

“ In thy cheek’s fitful glow,
The clear light by those long dark fringes hid,
So brightly flashing from the drooping lid,
Is nought of woe !

“ Sorrow has cast no gloom
To dim the sunshine of thy blissful hours !
Still may thy path be strewn with life’s sweet flow’rs
Ev’n to the tomb !”

And *thus* they judge thee !—*Thou !* who hast been tried
Till reason totter’d on her shaken throne ;
Thou, who hast often wish’d thou could’st have died
Ere the rich treasure of thy soul was gone !
Yet now, must learn with calmness to resign
The cherish’d idol of thine ardent youth,
Nor think a dreary destiny is thine,
While he is blest—whose fond regard was truth !
“ *Was ?*” bitter word !—but thou must play thy part,
Suppress the murmur and the heavy sigh ;
Oh ! He that wounds, will heal the broken heart !
(Though still, too dear, perchance, that sever’d tie.)

Raise up thy head ! and dream not that they guess
The agony, the wild regret, and tears,
The hopes which have been quench'd in bitterness,
And overcast the light of thy past years !
They deem that *thou art blest* !—O ! weary one !
Is there not triumph in that thought to thee
That Pride can screen thy weakness ? *One alone*
The secret joy or grief of hearts can see !
And *if*, in meekness, it be thine to bow
To thine appointed lot, and hush to rest
Each wild repining that may rise—O thou !
If *such* thy task—still I *WILL* call thee “ *Blest* ! ”

WITHER'D FLOWERS.

YE wither'd flowers ! emblems to me
 Of hopes as faded now—
 Why, when I idly gaze on ye,
 Do tears so wildly flow ?

I think on ye when fondly priz'd
 Rich in your beauty's pride ;—
'Tis gone ! and scentless and despis'd,
 Ye *should* be thrown aside.

But that deep feelings ye awake
 In mem'ry's haunted cell ;
 And though 'tis for another's sake,
 I love these flowers well.

Yet 'tis a bitter love ! bereft
 Of fragrance and of bloom,

A faint remembrance only left
Of colour and perfume !

Link'd with a thousand cherish'd things,
This wayward heart will keep
Amongst its holiest treasurings ;
I look on them and weep !

MUSIC AND PAIN.

Suggested by hearing a band of music, in illness.

MUSIC and Pain ! how wildly are ye blent !
 As on my restless couch I lie reclining,
 With those sweet notes, a spell by mem'ry sent,
 A thousand visions round my brain are twining ;
 My brow is calmer—bid the minstrel strain
 Float through our halls, to soothe my soul again !

Music and Pain ! fit emblems of our lot !
 The portion given here to all the living,
 Is there *one* favor'd mind which feels it not—
 The bitterness with joy for ever striving ?
For ever ! must their mingled fountains flow—
 And well for those who taste not most of woe !

Ye notes of beauty ! on mine ear which thrill,
 Up to the bed of feverish suffering stealing,

Let not your echoes die!—be lengthen'd still!
Ye bring with you a store of varied feeling,
Telling of days and nights of festal reign—
And yet! a pang is waken'd by the strain!

Now I can bear no more—away! away!
It is *too much*!—this intimate communion,
Searching the soul's depths with divided sway,
So strangely sweet, yet bitter in their union;
Say! *when* shall music only breathe of peace?
In that bright world where pain and sorrow cease!

THE EARLY DEAD.

MOURN not the early dead ! for they are blest
 Far, far beyond *our* living shapes of clay ;
 Nought now can trouble or disturb their rest ;
 And, though the forms we worshipp'd, are the prey
 Of the vile worm, (foul reveller within
 Their low cold graves,) *to wish them back, were sin !*

Mourn not the early dead ! but weep for those
 Who still existing, bear a living death—
 Who wrapt in heavy, leaden-like repose,
 Feel Hope's extinction, ere their parting breath
 Mourn for the sorrow-stricken hearts, whose gloom
 Deepens into despair, this side the tomb !

Mourn not the faithful dead ! whose stedfast trust
 Is blest for ever in the realms *above* !
 Whose spirits, purified from earthly
 Soar to th' eternity of bliss and

On seraph-wings borne through celestial air,
O fondly-lov'd, and lost ! your homes are there !

There—where no sound is heard of grief or woe,
And all the “ former things ” are past for ever !
Where crystal waters from Life's river flow,
And no farewell can wring, or parting sever ;
Where endless joys repay earth's darken'd hours,
Your blessed homes are there ! *such home be ours !*

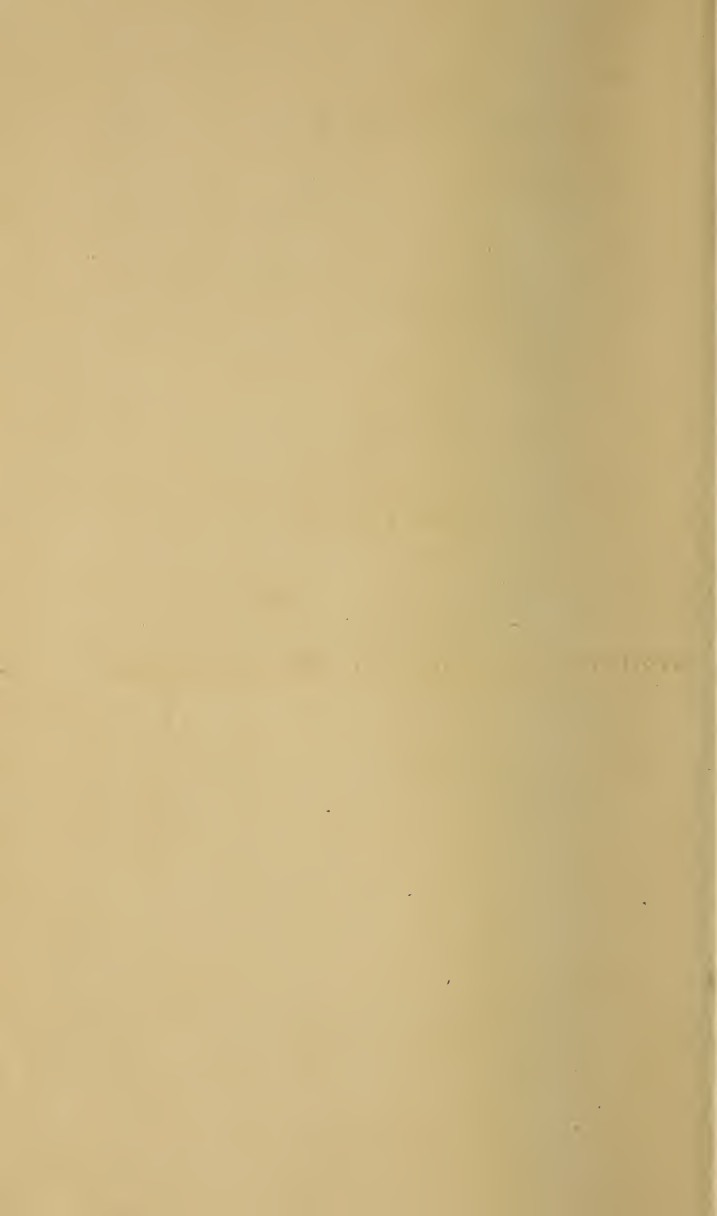
THERE IS NO LONELINESS.

WHEN those we love are far away,
 And darken'd is our fate—
 When all the hues of Hope decay,
 We feel most desolate !
 But there is One whose constant love
 Is with us still—the *One above* !

Truly *it is* a blessed thought,
 When earthly joys are gone,
 That He who our salvation wrought
 Will not leave us *alone* !
 In joy or grief—in good or ill—
 His heav'nly power is o'er us still !

And when at eve the shadows fall,
 Which soothing charms impart,

Oft on his holy Name I'll call,
Who cheers the fainting heart !
Though all most valued may be gone,
Yet are we never left *alone* !



NOTES

TO

SONGS OF GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

NOTES

TO

SONGS OF GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

GOLDEN RIVER.

PAGE 1.

“ Golden river gently flowing.”

The river Darro, said to carry with it small particles of gold ; its name, derived from *dat aurum*, may be alleged as a proof of this.—See BOURGOANNE’S TRAVELS.

PAGE 1.

Thro’ our Vega’s smiling plains.”

The Vega—the plain surrounding Granada, thirty miles in length and fifteen in breadth. “ This enchanting vale is cultivated even to the summit of the hills which form it. The

river and its ornamented banks continually reflecting inexpressible beauties on each other, go on in harmony, till the silver stream is interrupted by Granada. Even to this day, this charming vale is called 'Val Parayso,' or the Vale of Paradise."—UDAL AP RHYS'S SPAIN.

PAGE 2.

"Rush from yon Sierra's height."

The Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountain, at the foot of which Granada is situated.

THE FALLEN ZEGRI.

PAGE 8.

"The Zegri's noblest chief."

The Zegris were among the noblest of the Moorish tribes.

REPLY OF MULEY HASSAN.

PAGE 5.

Muley Hassan, or *Hacem*, as some writers call him, was the last but one of the kings of Granada. His refusal to pay tribute to Ferdinand was the immediate cause of the long and

sanguinary war which ended in the total overthrow of the Moors in Spain.

COME TO OUR FOUNTAIN'S SIDE.

PAGE 7.

“ And watch the sparkling waters flow.”

“ The Arabs never lost an opportunity of bestowing an eulogium upon water; there are basins and cascades in most of the halls of the Alhambra, so that during summer, it must have been a delightful abode.”—BOURGOANNE.

PAGE 7.

“ Come to the Linderaxa's shade.”

The garden upon which the windows of the hall open, called *Las dos Hermanos*, or “ the Two Sisters.” At the entrance is the following poetical inscription:—“ The garden which thou seest gives thee life. The harmony which proceeds from these shrubs joins with the perfume of the flowers to enchant the soul. And thou, charming vase, which embellishest it, thou shalt be compared to a king decorated with golden chains and crowns.”—*See Arabic Inscription*—BOURGOANNE.

ESCAPE OF ABDALLAH.

PAGE 9.

“ In dark Comares’ Tow’r.”

The Tower of Comares took its name from the Moorish architect by whom it was built. “ It is the highest and most magnificent tower of the Alhambra, and was sometimes used as a place of confinement for state criminals. There Abdallah was imprisoned by his father, Muley Hassan, in whose absence he had usurped the throne. It was also in the Tower of Comares that the wife of Abdallah (the last king of Granada) was imprisoned, and the iron cage which was used as her dungeon, is still to be seen.”—UDAL AP RHYS.

PAGE 11.

“ City ’midst lofty Alpuxarras.”

The Alpuxharras are so lofty, that the coast of Barbary and the cities of Tangiers and Ceuta are discovered from their summits.

PAGE 12.

“ Wake thy reproach and tears.”

When, after the conquest of Granada, Abn Abdallah stopped on the Hill of Padul to take a last look at his city and

palace, overcome by the sight, he burst into tears, and was thus rebuked by his mother, the Sultana Aixa,—“Thou dost well to weep like a woman for the loss of that kingdom which thou knewest not how to defend like a man.”

LEILA.

PAGE 16.

*“ They had met and parted
In the cypress grove.”*

“ I sat down,” says Bourgoanne, “ at the feet of two cypresses, of which the height and whiteness attested the number of centuries they had stood there ; they are still called “ The Cypresses of the Queen,” because it was near them the perfidious Gomel impeached the virtue of that princess, and the honour of the Abencerrages.”

PAGE 17.

“ They have slain thy lover.”

Albin Hamet, the most powerful of the Abencerrages, with thirty-five of that princely family, was slain in a fit of jealous fury by King Abdallah, in the Hall of Lions, where there is still a large vase of alabaster, which was quickly filled with blood, and the heads of their expiring bodies.”—See BOURGOANNE.

XARIFFE.

PAGE 18.

“ In that pillar’d hall of fret-work rare ”

See the description, in Bourgoanne’s Travels, of El Tocador, or the “ Queen’s Toilet.” It is a room of six feet square, having a prospect on every side, and surrounded by a terrace three feet wide : the floor of the cabinet, and that of the gallery by which it is surrounded, are flagged with red marble, and the terrace is supported by white marble pillars.

THE SLEEPING ARAB MAID.

PAGE 26.

“ She loves our fam’d Alhambra and our peerless Generalife.”

The Alhambra. This sumptuous palace was built by Mahomet Mir, King of Granada, in 1278.—(UDAL AP RHYS.) Generalife signifies in Arabic, “ the house of love, of dance and pleasure.”

DEPARTURE OF MUZA.

PAGE 34.

Muza, brother to Abdallah, who by his great actions had gained the favour of the people.

LAMENT FOR GRANADA.

PAGE 38.

The Moors are said to regret nothing but Granada amongst all the losses they have sustained in Spain—they mention it in all their evening prayers, and supplicate heaven to restore it to their possession.

The 2nd of January, 1492, was the day of the taking of Granada.—See BOURGOANNE, RHYS, and other Travels in Spain.

LONDON:

IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

INSTITUTE

1871-72

THE JOURNAL OF THE

ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

AND OF THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

INSTITUTE

1871-72

THE JOURNAL OF THE

ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

AND OF THE

INSTITUTE

1871-72

THE JOURNAL OF THE

ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

AND OF THE

INSTITUTE

1871-72

THE JOURNAL OF THE

ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

AND OF THE

INSTITUTE

1871-72

THE JOURNAL OF THE

ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

MESSRS. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY,
CONDUIT STREET.

I.

NEW WORK BY MR. BULWER.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

RIENZI, THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES.

By the Author of "EUGENE ARAM," "LAST DAYS OF POMPEII,"
&c.

"Distinguished must be the genius which, in this day, can render a novel an object of such deep interest as Mr. Bulwer has rendered this pure and beautiful memory of the closing history of Roman glory."—*Atlas*.

"It required a master genius to trace out the career of such a spirit as Rienzi's. Mr. Bulwer has thrown himself upon the task boldly, and discharged it nobly."—*Athenæum*.

"In some essential respects this is Mr. Bulwer's greatest novel."—*Examiner*.

"Mr. Bulwer has, in 'Rienzi,' produced his, as yet, greatest work. Its present popularity is the prophecy of its future fame."—*New Monthly*.

II.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S NEW WORK.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

By the Author of "PETER SIMPLE," "JACOB FAITHFUL," &c.

"Captain Marryat is decidedly a first rate story-teller. 'The Pacha of many Tales' never enjoyed the inventions of one more ingenious. Japhet, even had he not found a father, would, at all events, be sure to encounter many warm patrons in the world."—*Morning Herald*.

"This novel of Captain Marryat's is throughout lively and interesting, and will be a favourite with a numerous class of readers."—*Times*.

"Captain Marryat's 'Japhet in Search of a Father,' is certainly a most humorous and most entertaining book."—*Spectator*.

"We think 'Japhet in Search of a Father,' the best tale that Captain Marryat has yet penned."—*Sun*.

III.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

MY AUNT PONTPYOOL.

"A charming work, which few of polished education will rise from till the last page has been perused."—*Monthly Review*.

Works published by Messrs. Saunders and Otley.

IV.

NEW WORK BY MR. GRATTAN.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

AGNES DE MANSFELDT.

By the Author of "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," "HEIRESS OF BRUGES," &c.

" 'Agnes de Mansfeldt' is superior to any previous production of this very talented author."—*S. Times*.

" Mr. Grattan's present work is very different from those which have gone before; but, in many respects, we think it superior. Some of his characters would be sufficient to make the reputation of any young writer, and will greatly add to that which Mr. Grattan has already so justly attained."—*New Monthly*.

" This novel will be read with pleasure by all who understand and value good writing, and who are prone to take a philosophical view of men's actions and passions, as they work out the great revolutions of history."—*Metropolitan*.

" Mr. Grattan, as a novelist, is second only to Mr. Bulwer; and, as a romantic writer, inferior only to Sir Walter Scott."—*Bell's Messenger*.

V.

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON'S NEW WORK.

The SECOND EDITION. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"The dignity and sweetness of the female character were never portrayed with more force and truth than in this clever production."—*Times*.

VI.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON'S NEW WORK.

The SECOND EDITION. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE WIFE, AND WOMAN'S REWARD.

By the HON. MRS. NORTON.

" Such a book might have been one of those upon which the spirit of Fox was fond of reposing when he forgot London politics in his temporary rustications. Mrs. Norton lays bare the workings of society with all the delicate and minute analytic power which belongs especially to the woman of genius."—*Morning Herald*.

VII.

MISS LANDON'S NEW WORK.

In one volume foolscap, with a Portrait of the Author.

THE VOW OF THE PEACOCK.

By the Author of "THE GOLDEN VIOLET," "THE IMPROVISATRICE," &c.

" A Poem characterised by exquisite gracefulness and power of imagery." *Morning Post*.

Works published by Messrs. Saunders and Otley.

VIII.

NEW WORK, EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANBY."

The SECOND EDITION, Revised. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

ANNE GREY.—A NOVEL.

Edited by the Author of "Granby."

"This work strongly reminds us of Miss Austen's admirable novels."—*New Monthly Mag.*

"It is full of feminine loveliness, and that quickness of observation which is the peculiar gift of the sex."—*Court Journal.*

IX.

NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS."

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

MY NEIGHBOURHOOD.

By the Author of "THE COLLEGIANS."

"Those who have read Mr. Griffin's delightful and absorbing tale, 'The Collegians,' will feel no disappointment in the perusal of this series of *nouvellettes*."—*Globe.*

X.

MR. CHORLEY'S NEW WORK.

In 3 vols. post 8vo.

CONTI THE DISCARDED.

By the Author of "SKETCHES OF A SEAPORT TOWN."

"A fine imaginative story, intended to illustrate the divine art of music. It is well written, and takes strong hold of the imagination from the opening scene to the catastrophe."—*Globe.*

XI.

MR. BULWER'S ESSAYS.

SECOND EDITION. 2 vols. post 8vo.

THE STUDENT.

By the Author of "EUGENE ARAM," "ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH," &c. &c.

"Great as is both the power and beauty of Mr. Bulwer's former works, we know none that mark the creative thinker more than the present production; its pages are full of new lights and happy illustrations."—*Literary Gazette.*

"We think this book destined to work a great and beneficial influence on the intellect and literature of our time."—*Examiner.*

Works published by Messrs. Saunders and Otley.

XII.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE'S NEW WORK.

In 2 vols. with Map.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

By M. DE TOCQUEVILLE

Translated by his friend, H. REEVE, Esq., under the Author's inspection.

"We recommend M. De Tocqueville's work as the very best on the subject of America we have ever met with."—*Blackwood*.

"The most complete work that ever appeared on the government of the United States."—*Sun*.

XIII.

THE REV. R. MONTGOMERY'S POEM.

A New and Beautiful Edition.

THE MESSIAH.

A POEM. By the REV. R. MONTGOMERY.

"This work is, in our judgment, a lasting monument to the fame of its author."—*Lit. Gaz.*

XIV.

In 8 vols. uniform with SCOTT, BYRON, CRABBE, &c.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF COWPER,

THE COMPLETE EDITION,

Containing his "Private Correspondence."

BEAUTIFULLY EMBELLISHED BY THE FINDENS,

EDITED BY THE REV. T. S. GRIMSHAW, E,

Author of the Life of the Rev. Legh Richmond,

WITH AN ESSAY ON

THE GENIUS AND POETRY OF COWPER.

By the Rev. J. W. CUNNINGHAM,

VICAR OF HARROW.

XV.

MISS STICKNEY'S NEW WORK.

In 2 vols. Post 8vo.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

By MISS STICKNEY, Author of "PICTURES OF PRIVATE LIFE."

"We can recommend 'The Poetry of Life' to all who delight in elegant and tasteful, but animating composition. It contains a series of elegant essays, on various delightful subjects in nature, art, and the human mind."—*Spectator*.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 546 162 5

